The MISSIONARY EDUCATION of BEGINNERS

Jessie Eleanor Moore

MAY 1 0 1956

THE MISSIONARY EDUCATION OF BEGINNERS

The Leader's Handbook Series

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION

THE MISSIONARY EDUCATION OF BEGINNERS
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FRIENDS, O HANA SAN AND DOROTHY

The MISSIONARY EDUCATION *of* BEGINNERS

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To

PAUL E. BAKER

AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF
MORNINGSIDE CHURCH
WITH HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS
OF OUR ADVENTURES IN
WORLD FRIENDSHIP

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
MAY 10 1956

EDITOR'S NOTE

MISS JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE received her A.M. degree from Teachers College, Columbia University. She is Assistant Editor, Department of Children's Publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has for several years given her entire time to work with little children and their teachers. The reader of this book will at once realize that the material comes first-hand from genuine experience with little children.

Miss Moore is on the staff of the *Elementary Magazine,* in which, by special arrangement, most of the chapters of this book first appeared. She is a collaborator with Miss Frances Weld Danielson in the revision of the Beginners Lessons for the Graded Press.

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I

WHAT IS MISSIONARY EDUCATION?

O CHRIST, the Elder Brother
Of proud and beaten men,
When they have found each other,
Thy Kingdom will come then!

LOUIS F. BENSON

I

WHAT IS MISSIONARY EDUCATION?

THERE was once a school of religion. Now the teachers in that school were men and women who believed that the teaching of missions was one of their most important tasks. To that end they taught their children to sing missionary hymns, they told them stories such as The Good Samaritan, Philip and the Ethiopian, and the thrilling tales of missionaries, old and new; they gave them pictures to look at, some flashed on a screen and some to paste in their notebooks to have and to hold. A curio cabinet in a corner daily grew more and more interesting as things were added to it. Missionaries came and talked; the children dressed up and dramatized; they saved their money; they fashioned gifts for children on the other side of the sea.

The great day came in that school, the annual exhibit and parents' day. There were guests—parents and friends; the exhibit was interesting, the program all that could be desired. Then came a social hour during which parents and friends and teachers and children mingled, and with it an ice-cream treat for the children. For the children! All the year those teachers had worked to teach brotherhood and sharing, to arrive at a climax of arrogant

selfishness. For what else is it to sit and eat and not to serve one's guest?

"But we could not afford to serve ice cream to such a crowd," said the teachers in self-defense.

"Very well," we make answer. "Then serve something less expensive that the children may share with the others. Otherwise your instruction in missions falls on barren soil."

Two fallacies regarding missionary education which are still current are apparent here. First, that knowledge about missions and training in world friendship are one and the same thing. The second grows out of a misconception of the field in which we are to practise missions, that only peoples separated by the distance of miles, of language, of race, of customs, are the objects of our study and interest. These two false principles set us straining after methods which are unusual when the thing we really need is all about us, as common as the air.

Knowledge About Missions versus Training in World Friendship. There is no better monograph written on the subject of missionary education than Professor John Dewey's *Moral Principles in Education,* and yet the term missions is not mentioned therein. He contrasts moral ideas and ideas about morality. Only the first take effect in conduct. Ideas must be gained in a certain way to become

dynamic in life. A book of directions never taught anyone to run an automobile, and if we are really interested in having Johnny learn to swim we do not recite to him that old jingle, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." The only ideas worth anything are those hammered out on the anvil of experience. There is nothing in that little preposition "about" that automatically transmutes ideas into character and conduct. We may know a great deal about starving children in China, but knowledge does not impel us to share our supper with them unless sharing has become habitual because we have practised it in other situations.

We are strange folk. We put our young people into a laboratory to learn chemistry, we put our boys on a playground to learn baseball. But we seat our children, each in his own chair, to learn the Golden Rule and are satisfied when it is recited, letter perfect. We send them to a table to color a picture of a charming maiden in Japanese costume, and think we are teaching missions while two of those children fight about who shall use the red crayon first. Real training in brotherhood must begin with that red crayon; the Golden Rule, fitted into a life situation, will then become an influence upon conduct.

Practising Brotherhood. Because life touches

life, education in brotherhood is necessary and possible. Doctor Betts, in his *Social Principles of Education,* claims that this fact makes all education necessary and possible. As long as Robinson Crusoe lived alone on his island it mattered not how he lived. But as soon as Friday arrived, the problem of his relations with this other human being began. Learning how to live while having to consider someone else became necessary, and Friday's presence led to development in square dealing, sharing and courtesy.

If training in brotherhood were a matter of theory, of memorizing a set of rules to control conduct or of listening to stories which portray the ideal conduct, each child might be taught alone. Our reason for bringing a child into a class and making him one of a group of his peers is to provide for the interplay of individual with individual, and to create a situation in which cooperation is necessary. Playing peacefully with a box of blocks in company with one's brother of the classroom is the best preparation for living peacefully with one's brother of another race or nation in the playroom of the world. Being interested in one's brother who sits in a chair all day in the big hospital down the street, and caring for him enough to give up playtime to work with a group on a scrapbook to make him happy, is the best way of learning how

to serve and give in that field of Christian work called missions.

It is not the object but the activity which is important in the learning process. We seek to control the experiences of the young child so that his life takes on a helpful, social, "other-regarding" set. A life can be so charged with altruistic attitudes and ideals, and so worn by habit in the direction of unselfish service, that the nerves will discharge in this direction. That is the objective of missionary education.

Aims and Purposes. How often we confuse means and ends! The aim of missionary education is not to dispense knowledge about conditions on either the home or the foreign field; it is not to help the mission boards raise the quota for the year; it is not alone to tell the story of a matchless life to someone who has never heard it.

Two primary teachers sat planning the work for their classes. They decided to have the children make scrapbooks, portraying the home, school and play life of American children, to send to a Japanese Sunday school.

"Would your children care anything about such things?" asked one, turning to a missionary on furlough who was sitting in the room. "Could you really make use of such books in your teaching over there?"

"Indeed we could," answered the missionary eagerly. "Our children are never done asking questions about American life."

"It seems like a poor little gift when your work in Japan is really suffering for lack of funds," returned one of the teachers.

"But our children would know nothing about a gift of money," answered the missionary quickly. "These books will involve a letter of thanks, they will be looked at and loved until they are worn and dog-eared, and be an ever present reminder of our friends across the sea. Isn't it friendship that we are after?"

A significant statement, that, from one whose heart lay in her work in cherry-blossom land, and who at that moment feared that her return would be delayed on account of the lack of the very funds which they had just mentioned. The reason is simple enough. This worker is an educator. She believes that if we take care of the attitudes and the habits of the children now growing up on both sides of the water, the future of the missionary cause will take care of itself.

It is friendship that we are after. Professor Whitley defines religion as "a way of living." Then religious education is practice in a way of living. Christian education is practice in "the Jesus way of living." It is the formation of attitudes and

habits so dominated by the will of God and interpreted by the life of Jesus that they create skill in social living. There can be no different definition for missionary education. Doctor Diffendorfer defines the latter as "the Christianization of all our social contacts." There is no living for the individual aside from social contacts. We do not live except together. Religious education and missionary education are one and the same.

The Ever Present Opportunity. If religious education is life, methods and materials lie all about us. Some sort of training is taking place with every breath our children draw, and it is taking place whether we will or no. How absurd for us to think we can lock it in churches, dress it in Sunday clothes, and reduce it to an hour a week of activity!

There have been numerous attempts to keep religion from children—that is, religion narrowly conceived as comprising concepts of God. All these attempts have been unsuccessful. When Helen Keller, when quite a child, was told about God, she answered, "Oh, I have always known him, but I did not know his name before."

The autobiography of Una Mary gives an interesting account of the failure of one such attempt. Una Mary's father was a university professor, and she was given plenty of mythology and science and

nature study but no religion except the Golden Rule which she personified and termed "Mr. Dooun-Tothers." At one time in her early life she was a tree worshiper, borrowing her ideas from the stories of primitive man. At another she built an altar to Minerva after the manner of the Greeks, and always left a part of her candy there as a sacrifice. At another time her altar had placed above it a picture of the Virgin, and she worshiped there after the manner of her Roman Catholic nurse.

A few years ago such instances would have been cited as evidences of innate religion. Today, with our changed viewpoint regarding learned and unlearned tendencies, we no longer claim that religion is instinctive.

The fact of the matter is that our life is saturated with religion. Our houses of worship, our holy books, are all about us. Our children hear and see and experience. No little child arrives at the age of five or six without some concept of God. The name may never fall on the ears of the little street gamin except as a curse. With the oft-repeated sound he builds his concept, and it is a concept, no matter how far removed from the idea of the loving Father of Jesus it may be. Una Mary built her religion out of the experiences which came to her, the tales from mythology, the infrequent visits to a great cathedral with her nurse.

Thus it is that forms of worship, attitudes toward others, habits of courtesy, of sharing, of unselfish service or their opposites, are built into the life from daily experience. Any type of action indulged in by those with whom the child spends his waking hours soon gets the stamp of approval as "the way we do." It is imitated and lo, it is his own, persisting on through life. Because this is true, not one of us escapes the responsibility of teaching, even though our name does not appear on the roster of any church school. Some attitudes toward the members of another social class, or another race, toward those who speak a language different from our own, will be formed. It is only ours to determine whether the attitudes shall be Christian. Some habits will be formed. It is only ours to determine whether they shall be the ones desirable for a follower of Jesus. Some concept of God will be built into little lives. It is only ours to determine whether it will be a Christian God, the loving Heavenly Father of the children of the world.

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II

ASSETS FOR WORLD FRIENDSHIP—TRAINING IN HUMAN NATURE

ONE'S instinctive endowment is not a walled lane that offers no alternatives to one's feet, but an open trail, with many forks and branches, some leading into life's swamps and quagmires, some onto the meadows of conventional goodness, some upward to the bright peaks and the dark valleys of social idealism.

GEORGE ALBERT COE, in *A Social Theory of Religious Education* [1]

[1] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

II

ASSETS FOR WORLD FRIENDSHIP—TRAINING IN HUMAN NATURE

NO one who has witnessed the dramatic presentation of Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* can ever forget one scene. The light is soft and gray, typical of the dawn of a new morning. A ship may be seen in the background, while old Father Time stands near the gang-plank beckoning to the tiny inhabitants of the Land of Unborn Souls as they trip aboard to set sail for a life on earth. Darling, chubby little creatures they are, dressed in filmy gray, like the new morning light they step out of. Father Time scrutinizes each one as he beckons. "What do you bring with you?" he asks. And each one displays an implement with which he hopes to play his part. One carries a pen and scroll, another the model of a ship, another a tiny telescope, another a chisel. The artist is there with his palette, the draftsman with his blueprint and a pencil behind his ear, the doctor with his stethoscope. Father Time nods to each one as he passes that it is good.

We do not expect a poet to be psychologically correct. Maeterlinck has thrown into imaginative form the question which every educator who is interested in the future of this old world must ask of every little new life, "What did you bring with you?"

These little new lives do not bring knowledge of the ways of a world they have never been in, they do not bring developed skills such as are typified by the implements in the hands of these babies stepping on the ship of Time, they do not bring emotions or ideals which are ready-made. But each one does bring a nervous system which makes him capable of developing these.

Taking Account of Stock. All that the scientist can see in a baby are a few reactions; automatisms, like the heartbeat and the action of the digestive tract which take place whether he wills or no; reflexes, like the contraction of the pupil of the eye in its adaption to light; certain instincts which are baby's untaught reactions to the situations in which he finds himself; certain capacities, varying in each individual, as those which, with training, make the painter, or the musician. These comprise a human being's stock in trade with which he sets up business on this earth. Out of these must the teacher fashion the man she would deliver to the world. Out of these must the mother fashion the man she dreamed of when she sewed on tiny clothes.

These are the raw materials with which the educator must begin his work. It is these blind impulses to action, which discharge as unfailingly as an apple falls to the ground when its stem loosens its hold on the tree, that form the bases of character.

What certain reactions may the religious educator write on the credit side of his ledger? What may we count on in human nature, we who believe that the Kingdom of God will come when men have learned the way of brotherhood? What do we have to work with in the training of the citizens of that Kingdom?

The list is short: general physical activity, or the child's delight in doing; gregariousness, or pleasure at being with one's kind; motherly behavior and the allied tendencies of kindliness and sympathy.

General Physical Activity. A young child can sit still only thirty seconds; a child of five to ten only one and one half minutes. Each object in a baby's environment impels him to see what can be done with it. He drags his mother's shiny aluminum from the bottom of the kitchen cabinet, he strews the contents of bureau drawers on the floor, he piles his blocks one by one, to knock them down and pile again. Professor Groos happily terms this type of activity "hustling things about." But the tendency to imitate is keen and soon he begins to copy the doings of the grown-ups. He takes the household articles and uses them as he sees them used. He takes a bit of cloth and dusts a chair, with a dry brush he may be kept busy some minutes scrubbing the stairs. When Ruth's grandmother takes her mending basket, Ruth gets the hassock

and places herself expectantly at grandmother's feet. There are two darning eggs in the basket. With one of these and an old stocking and a needle and thread Ruth sits and darns.

Activities of this kind grow into a definite desire to help, at first just because the activity looks attractive, not from any real desire to be helpful. Yet, failing to recognize these faint beginnings, we refuse the offered "help." It is so much easier to say, "Run along now and don't bother me." Thus we snuff out at its first flicker the impulse which will grow into altruistic purpose. It is a tiny, easily broken thread at first, but it may be woven deep in the warp of character. "To help is to do the work of the world." A little later in the beginners classroom our five-year-olds are impelled to enter into gift making, not at first because they sense the need of the recipient, nor from any desire to be helpful, but just because the activity looks interesting and because the materials supply the felt need of getting something to do. As activities of this kind are continually repeated, the habit of doing for others is inculcated.

Gregariousness. Bees swarm, fish run in schools, birds migrate in flocks, deer and buffalo roam in herds. Liking to be with one's kind and fear in solitude are sunk deep in animal nature. We are not different in this respect from our dumb brothers.

Man is by nature social. Even a young baby shows signs of satisfaction in the mere presence of other human beings and discomfort in their absence.

A little later, in what students of childhood term the pre-social stage, the actions of these little human beings seem to belie the term. Even when a toddler plays alone, as tiny children prefer to do, he wants an audience of grown-ups and he appeals to them for attention and approval. He runs and stands on the bottom step of the staircase. Swinging his arms he calls "See me!" until he has secured an audience. Then he jumps.

Still later, but in the pre-school period, though he plays alone he desires other children to be near him who are playing too. What a charm hath the sand pile! Runabout desires a spoon and a bucket like all the rest, and here he sits for long hours, digging and filling and emptying and letting the "sugar" run between his fingers. But the voice of the hurdy-gurdy is heard in the land. Buckets and spoons are forgotten, and the diggers are off. What a delight for Runabout! A moment ago he had an altercation with Billy because he had appropriated that young man's bucket. Now he is left monarch of all he surveys. He may have Billy's bucket and everything else. But presto, he looks about him and he is alone! Down go bucket and spoon, and he is off to join "the gang" surrounding the hurdy-gurdy.

We make a mistake if we call this little human being unsocial. He simply does not express his delight in society in the approved manner. Step by step he learns. We help to teach him, but where would we begin were it not for the herd instinct planted deep in human nature?

The child's first attempts to express his interest in his fellows are crude. We have spoken of the bid for attention. Very often this is his reaction toward older people. A little child is very apt to treat another child as an inanimate object. For example, he will poke an investigating finger into a baby's eye just as he would into that of a doll. He seems not to understand that the baby has feelings like his own. His social consciousness is not very active as yet. Again, very often an older child will assume an adult attitude toward a younger one. In the beginners class we may often see five-year-old take elaborate and unnecessary care of three-year-old, helping him to stand up and sit down at the proper times as if he were a jointed doll.

On a little higher plane we observe other social reactions. George, who is in kindergarten for the first time, hangs up his own hat and coat without request and never does such a thing at home. It is the way things are done in this new community he has entered. His big sister, who goes to high school, paints pictures on her yellow slicker for

the same reason, for, as she expresses it, "one might as well be dead as be out of the fashion." Little George, less consciously, does what others do. After very little experience in group life George will be adding his blocks to Elaine's so that they may make a "bigger house." At Christmas time he adds the links of the paper chain he has fashioned to those the other children have made. Behold, it will stretch clear around the room! George has learned the first lesson in cooperative group life —that there is magic in the word "together." And so it goes. A little later he will put aside his own individual desire to further group progress. At that time he will be the pitcher on the neighborhood ball team. A mile is not covered by a single stride. One step and then another is the rule for progress. Such lofty results as self-sacrifice for a cause and world brotherhood have their beginnings when one baby waves his arms and wriggles in delight at the sight of another.

Motherly Behavior. The clown rode gaily on his donkey and leered at the crowd, and the elephants passed along, making soft thuds with heavy, padded feet. The circus was in town.

"Oh, I can't see!" piped a shrill voice back in the crowd.

A burly truck driver turned in the direction of the voice. His features softened. In another mo-

ment he had swung a tiny girl up to his shoulder and from that vantage point the owner of the voice clapped her hands in glee.

The tendency to care for and protect the small, the weak and the suffering, is sunk deep in human nature. It is this that impels a baby to fondle its doll, to pat its mother's face; it is this that leads a boy to build a shelter for his rabbit and feed his dog under the table; it furnishes the drive that leads girls into the profession of nursing, it makes men dig deep in their pockets to endow hospitals and institutions for destitute children. All social service, missions, philanthropy and any expression of good will to men has its roots in these first tendencies to care for, to protect, to make another comfortable.

It is true that the manifestations change as the individual grows, and the expressions are different in the two sexes, but the parental instinct is present in some form in every human being. In these beginnings of social consciousness is the soil for the growth of sympathy, love and altruism, extending beyond the family to the tribe, the village, the city, the state and the nation, to all humanity. John Fiske says that the parental instinct is the basis of all morality. Is it this tendency which gives to us our spark of the divine? Is it this which discloses our inheritance as the children of God?

WORLD FRIENDSHIP BEGINS WITH ANY RESPONSE TO NEED

Perhaps the tendency is not wholly unmixed with selfishness. We enjoy happy and contented behavior on the part of those near us; we feel discomfort in their pain. When they are unhappy we take steps to make them happy and so gain contentment for ourselves. But why emphasize a low motive? The tendency is present and it may be used. Sympathy in its first crude form is little more than unconscious imitation. The baby laughs when others laugh; he cries when others cry; he copies facial expressions of joy or sorrow. This leads directly to true sympathy, which is the ability to be sensitive to another's happiness or pain and to put one's self in another's place.

A constantly broadening horizon changes the objects of our sympathy. First it is dolly with her poor banged nose, then it is kitty crying for her milk, then the birds outside the window in the cold, then mother needing help with her dusting; Granny Brown down the street, who has no one to do her errands; Lame Joe who sits in his chair all day; the children who lie in white beds in the hospital on the other side of the city; barefooted Lucy tucked away in her tiny cabin home on the side of a mountain; and so on to all other children of the Father, brown of skin or black, yellow, red, wherever they may be. Another's need and our response to it are one.

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III

FROM INSTINCTIVE IMPULSE TO MOTIVATED CONTROL

FROM giving, first, edibles and toys up to self-effacement; from love of being together to complete coordination of habits, tastes and instincts; from trying to please and cause a smile, up to always preferring another's good to one's own—all this is not alchemy and the archaic symbolism in which love poems revel, but the plain simple course of evolution if normally environed. It is no mystery save the supreme mystery of springtime and of growth.

G. STANLEY HALL

III

FROM INSTINCTIVE IMPULSE TO MOTIVATED CONTROL

ALL the impulses of an individual cannot be placed on the credit side of the ledger when we balance accounts in the interests of Christian brotherhood. Some tendencies seem to be like stones in the road of progress in that direction.

Liabilities to be Reckoned With. First there is the tendency to tease and master the weaker and the smaller. A little child pulls a cat's tail very much for the same reason that he squeaks his rubber doll—just to see what will happen; and after he has discovered, to get a response from the doll or the cat. This leads on to cruelty to animals, or to the bullying of the younger and the weaker. These reactions are most apparent in boys of the junior age. But the tendency lingers even in adulthood, and shows itself in the autocratic government of children by parents and teachers, in the misuse of power by governments, and in that refinement of cruelty, the use of sarcasm and taunts.

Rivalry is another tendency which must be reckoned with. Rivalry very easily becomes anti-social. If human nature is such that we work more energetically in reaching after possessions or approval when our fellow creatures are reaching after the

same, why do our church schools continue to give prizes to individuals, and conduct red and blue contests which give rise to divisions and jealousies in the institution where we wish children to practise brotherhood?

It seems hardly necessary to mention fighting. Anyone may observe the early reaction on the part of a young infant. When he is enjoying a good kick, take his two wrists in one hand and his two ankles in the other and hold him still for just a moment. He wriggles and struggles to free himself, gets red in the face and then screams in anger. Any thwarting of movement, or failure to move physical objects, or failure in a purpose, produces the same reaction. The first response is aimless kicking and crying, a little later to be directed by the use of the fists against the individual who seems to be the cause of the thwarting.

The Training of Instinctive Tendencies. At first glance it would seem that the tendencies which make for brotherhood are not greater in number or in strength than those that make against it. But the way of salvation for this humanity of ours lies in the fact that all of these tendencies are implanted in a growing self. In this we are a little higher than the animals. A chicken will scratch as soon as he steps out of the shell, a ball of yellow down. He scratches, without practice, quite as well as old

mother hen who walks proudly before him. His downy cousin, who is born in an incubator and steps out on the kitchen floor, scratches quite as well as he, and all without the influence of good mother hen. Animal instincts remain unchanged. Animal infancies are short in point of time, for there is little to learn. Human infancy, stretching longer and longer in modern life, from fifteen years to twenty or twenty-five, is our golden opportunity. This is the teacher's chance to make over human nature. Even the best of the tendencies need training, and as for the worst, while they cannot be entirely eliminated, they must be discouraged.

There are two ways of encouraging desirable tendencies. The first is by the method of rewards. We tend to repeat an action which brings desirable results. A little girl brings one of her doll's dishes and treats auntie to a bit of imaginary food. Auntie smiles and expresses her thanks, makes signs of pleasure in the taste, and so is drawn into what would otherwise be a lonely play. It is fascinating to play with auntie, so a repetition is demanded, leading into more play possibilities and perhaps on to the serving of real food when one has a tea party with one's playmate.

The second method is that of stimulation. This means nothing more than the adjusting of the environment so that it is easy for the child to repeat the

act. A beginners teacher had not learned the social values in the use of toys in her Sunday session. One doll was kept safely tucked away in a cupboard from which she never emerged except when there was a case of homesickness to be nursed. One Sunday when dolly had rendered this aid, small Helen sat in the circle holding her in her arms, the tears brushed away, at peace with her small world. Peggy entered the class, shy and strange, with the tears near the surface. She refused to have her chair moved into the group but hid her face. After a moment's contemplation, Helen rose from her chair, crossed the circle and laid dolly in the last newcomer's lap. "Oh, why have I been so stupid?" said the teacher to herself. "I want my children to learn to share and live together and I have put nothing in their hands to do it with." One doll, two dolls, three dolls, a bed, a table, a chair, some tiny dishes, a toy horse and dog, some picture books, soon came to keep the one doll company, and the children learned to share their toys.

But what of the undesirable tendencies? There are two methods of eliminating these and they are just the opposites of the two methods mentioned above. The two are dissatisfaction or unpleasantness associated with wrong responses, and disuse. Harvey teases the younger children in the group, giving sly pinches and pulling hair and making him-

self an unpleasant neighbor. Quietly but effectively the children themselves take care of the discipline by removing themselves from his immediate environment and ignoring him when cooperative play is on. Little by little he learns that gentleness is a ticket of admission to group activities. His tendency to tease gradually diminishes through disuse. Every time he lives through a group play hour without teasing he is less likely to respond in that manner.

Two other methods remain for dealing with the reactions of an individual. They are methods of redirection. First, we can modify a desire by finding a better outlet. We do not take the chalk from the hand of the child who destroys the living-room wall paper, lest we inhibit a budding artist. We supply him with a blackboard. Even the tendencies which are social need redirection. Frances pats and fondles the tiny children of the class and they resent it. A social reaction, truly, resting on the foundation of motherly behavior. Lest this reaction degenerate into mere sentimentalism we set Frances to work with pictures and paste brush to make a gift for a sick member of the class.

Ideals Achieved. Our objective is social, and the practice of the Golden Rule. But we desire more than kindly sentiments toward the other fellow. We desire a trained response, which can be termed

Christian, to particular human situations. The first response is blind. The situation pulls the trigger and the individual responds, regardless of the effect upon himself or others, or of the standards of society. Anything in a baby's hand goes into his mouth. After careful training he inhibits the response, first because mother is right there to say "No, no!"; a little later because "mother does not want me to put everything in my mouth," or "because it may make me sick," resting on some teaching of hygiene. Still later he refrains from munching a cookie as soon as it is placed in his hand in order to share it with a playmate, and sooner or later this inhibition may be motivated by a desire to share as Jesus did. A motive looks ahead and stimulates our action to make the ideal come true.

Not by preaching do we achieve these ideals in the children we teach; not even by telling them how to do it. The learners must be active. There is no other way but to engage them in the right sort of action by appealing to the tendencies which are social and by giving them actual practice in real situations where other people are involved. An ideal is not made of the air of heaven. It is fashioned out of experience on this earth. After some practice in responses to various situations we formulate and accept a certain type of response, such as "mother's way," "my teacher's way," "the Jesus

way," "the way the Heavenly Father likes," and this may be applied to other such situations.

Suggested Further Reading

Coe, George Albert. *A Social Theory of Religious Education.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1917. $1.75.
Chapter XIV. The Learning Process Considered as the Achieving of Character.

Hartshorne, Hugh. *Childhood and Character.* Pilgrim Press, Boston. 1919. $1.50.
Chapters XI and XII. Making Over Human Nature.

IV

UNCONSCIOUS BEGINNINGS

BIND your own soul to all that's high and true,
And let its light shine clear through all you do.

SUSAN BLOW, in *Mottoes and Commentaries on Froebel's Mother Play.*[1]

[1] D. Appleton and Company, New York.

IV

UNCONSCIOUS BEGINNINGS

SOME of the modern life stories of the Christ have reclaimed for us the historical Jesus, painting in vivid pictures his everyday life, especially those silent years which are passed over with a sentence or two in the Gospels. The pictures of lily and bud and fox and sunset, of bubbling dough and oven and rust and worn-out garments with which the Great Teacher made his hearers understand his truth, were woven into his life when he dwelt in the little mud house and played amid the shavings of a carpenter's shop, say these modern writers. And we, with our belief in the influence of early environment, assent and wonder why we never thought of it before.

Harold Hunting in his *Life of Christ for Young People* suggests that Jesus' concept of God, with all the meaning which he gives to the term Father, was the result of his experience with human fatherhood at its best. And John Oxenham, hinting at the same idea, speaks of the things that Joseph taught the boy all unconsciously as being the supreme dynamic in his life.

Silent Teachers. As the ideals, attitudes and experiences of the humble home and the folks within it "became part of the Child," so do all children

absorb their environment. There are no idle words or idle actions where children are. We all teach and we teach most when we are least conscious of it.

In the period of common consciousness, when the baby does not recognize himself as an individual, there is a tendency to copy facial expressions. We chuckle and the baby laughs, we sing and he coos in contentment, we cry and his lip quivers and tears draw near the surface. After a bit he seems to reflect the emotions which underlie these expressions, and becomes sunny and cheerful or cross and fretful in keeping with the predominating emotion of the one who cares for him. Thus does that intangible thing which Professor Hartshorne calls "the flavor of family life" affect him. "How like his mother!" we say, thus making blood responsible for characteristics which are really absorbed with the atmosphere.

Very early, too, conscious imitation begins. The doings of the elders are reflected in children's play. Little girls shake and scold their dolls, coax and wheedle them into good behavior, or care for them with love and understanding according to the way they themselves are managed. Little boys are recognizable replicas of their fathers.

The dolls' table was set and a small boy and girl, engaged in playing house, were having breakfast. The husband and father drained the last drop of

imaginary coffee from a tiny cup. Then he rose and placing his hands on his hips and dropping his voice into unaccustomed hoarseness he thundered at his little wife, "Get me my hat!"

"There are some things to be thankful for," was the mental comment of their teacher, who was watching the play. "I am not married to that boy's father." A little later she confided to a friend that she always felt as if she were prying into the private life of the families when her children played house, for there was the small mother scolding an imaginary grocery boy in a most cantankerous manner.

When the children are a little older and on the playground, we hear them upholding the ways of their own households in lively discussions on standards of action. Never at any time in life is the influence of the conduct and feeling of our own group wholly negligible, and we laughingly make excuse for it by saying that when in Rome we do as the Romans do.

Attitudes are the antecedents of purposes. Sympathy, courtesy and the habit of unselfish sharing are the foundations of world friendship and the corner-stone of the furtherance of the missionary cause. As we have said before, it is the practice which is important and not the object or the per-

sons to whom the attitudes are directed. And we so often fail to see connections.

"Oh, yes," said a mother proudly, "all my children are trained to give to missions. Why, even little Peggy, who belongs to the Cradle Roll, has her mite box to drop pennies in." An observer smiled to herself. Little Peggy was at that moment consuming a large ice-cream cone which had just been bought for her at the corner drug store, with apparently no care that her mother had none. The way to teach missions is to make an ice-cream treat a family party, or at least make it possible to share it with mother when the two are on a shopping trip. Pennies are dropped into Peggy's missionary box, but Peggy is being silently nurtured in selfishness.

Preparation for Social Living. The family may prepare for social living by being a Christian social group. In much the same way any group of which the child is a member may do the same thing.

"You must not eat candy in Sunday school," said a beginners teacher one day to a small boy whose jaws were going at a lively rate as he sat in the circle. She spoke as if his deed were desecrating a holy place. She gave the child no other reason. But her argument does not hold in all situations. The very next evening the walls of that same parish house may echo with the clatter of dishes when some group is eating there.

"Have you enough to give everyone a piece?" asked another beginners teacher. She asked it in a whisper, as she called to her side Audrey, who was devouring an apple in the midst of a week-day session. "You know it is not polite to eat where there are others unless you invite them to have some." With some reluctance the apple was placed on the teacher's table to await the homegoing. Sunday came. Audrey entered the classroom carrying a paper bag.

"Look at them!" she called. "There's one for everybody!" As the bag contained some star-shaped cookies with icing on them, the teacher suggested that they be wrapped in squares of white tissue and carried home, so that Sunday clothes should not be spoiled and the mothers might make the decision as to when they should be eaten. The wrapping kept Audrey busy during the first part of the hour. At the close she distributed her little "surprises," never thinking of her hat and coat until the last child had gone.

"Did you have enough to go round?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes," was the confident answer, "I counted them before and brought one for everybody."

Children are so easily led to take the social viewpoint in their own small world. "What effect will my action have on the other fellow?" should be

made a standard always. A training class had been observing the work of a first-year primary class. The children of the latter group had been on a visit to the zoo and had seen a boy teasing an elephant. The right and wrong of this had come up in the class.

"What question did the teacher ask?" the leader of the training class asked his pupils as they discussed the session they had seen.

" 'Was it kind to tease the elephant?' " offered a member of the training class.

"Ah, no," returned the leader, "that would have been the usual question, put by the ordinary teacher. This teacher asked, 'How did the elephant feel?' "

The difference is subtle, but the question so phrased brought out the social viewpoint, even if the case in hand was "only an elephant."

It is an aid to habit formation that doing comes first and motive and understanding later. The smallest member of the family circle learns to bow his head for the blessing at table long before he understands the real meaning of the custom. A baby says thank you before he has any realization of the motive which leads adults to respond in this fashion. Unselfish serving begins thus with a baby's toy or a cooky thrust into a companion's hand. With the habit of serving established, we read into the action a continually deepening mean-

ing, from "mother likes" to "the Heavenly Father likes," and from "like Jesus" to "sharing God's purpose." And the ever broadening horizons of the growing life take care of the objects to which such action is directed.

Social Suggestion and Race Prejudice. We have seen that our attitudes do not have their origin in human inheritance but are socially transmitted experiences. The fear of caterpillars may exist in both mother and child but it is not transmitted in the blood. The fear in the child may be traced to a fleeting expression of repugnance on the mother's face when the toddler first discovered one in the grass.

The question of race naturally assumes a large place in a program of world friendship training, for we have been placed on this planet—red and brown, black and white and yellow—to live together. There are those who will tell us that the attitude of antagonism between races is instinctive. We do not have to listen to the arguments of these persons for long to discover that they hold a brief for Nordic superiority, and that they are using the term instinct in an unscientific fashion. Like the feeling toward the humble fuzzy worm we find crawling in our gardens, the feeling of race antagonism is socially transmitted.

There is no doubt but what race prejudice exists.

We see evidences of it on every side. But the point to keep in mind for us who are devoted to the Christian way and have the training of young children as our responsibility, is that it is a learned reaction. We do not let our children wander in sin so that they may be converted and give a few years at the close of a wasted life to the service of the Master. We have learned with Horace Bushnell that a child can "grow up a Christian, and never know himself as being otherwise." Then why should we let our children absorb race prejudice from our own unchristian modes of behavior, and then strive to convert them to world friendship and world peace in later life?

There have been some interesting studies made on the instinctive fears of animals for their natural enemies, to support the theory that racial antagonism is not instinctive. Mr. Benjamin Kidd reports on some of these in *The Science of Power*. We think that fear of a rabbit for a dog or a cat is instinctive, but baby rabbits show no sign of fear of cats or specially trained dogs, and even play with them in friendly fashion when they are introduced to them early in life. Mr. J. H. Oldham in his *Christianity and the Race Problem*[1] cites a personal observation in bird life. "While we were standing

[1] p. 33 (George H. Doran Co., New York).

with our bicycles, three or four young birds flew across from a neighboring tree and perched on the handlebars. For two or three minutes they were as happy as could be. Then the mother bird returned to the tree, and quite obviously told them that they were in grave danger. They immediately took alarm and flew away."

It is true that there is a shrinking from abnormalities, such as ugly birthmarks or crippled limbs, on the part of young children. But we definitely train our children away from these. "Don't stare at the poor man," we say. "How would you like to be stared at if you were like that?" Then why is it that in a question of color we foster and increase the unconscious action?

George and Martha pooled their blocks one day during playtime in the week-day session of the beginners class, and white hand and black builded together a house of unusual proportions. The teacher remembered how, one day when she was calling, George's mother had changed the subject of conversation as George entered the room. "We do not want to introduce George to any notions of race prejudice," she remarked when he had scampered out again.

Alice, on the other hand, is receiving training in the opposite direction, and it shows even though she

is but five. The children drew their chairs close to the teacher's knees for a story. Alice and Martha were in front.

"She's putting her hands on my dress," Alice grumbled to the teacher while she scowled at Martha. "My mother won't let her put her hands on my dress."

"Martha won't hurt your dress unless her hands are dirty," answered the teacher, who has only two hours a week to counteract the home teaching in the interests of world friendship. "Let me see your hands, Martha."

Martha spread out her "pink inside" hands over her spotless white dress. The teacher laid Alice's supposed-to-be white hand alongside of the "pink inside" one.

"Look at the dirt!" she exclaimed. "If anyone spoils your dress it will be yourself, Alice. You ought to have clean hands when you wear blue silk."

With a gesture of shame Alice tucked her dirty hands away out of sight. Alice's only chance for gaining a Christian viewpoint in regard to the race question lies in the church school where she is having some contact with a few children of other races. Her teacher is thankful for circumstances that brought Martha and Muriel, the little Negro girls, Haig, the little Armenian, and Henri, the little

Spanish boy, to the fellowship of their beginners circle.

We must watch carefully for social suggestions in subtle things. An editor of children's stories says that she refuses a great many of those submitted for publication. Her criticism of them is not so often that they lack plot or the characteristics necessary to a good story, but that in some subtle way they emphasize class distinction. There is the richly gowned benevolent lady riding up in a fine coach to bestow blessings on the children of some alley, or the child who gives away his toys with a patronizing air. It is not so much the actual text as a sort of atmosphere or "feel" which the story produces. As Professor Hartshorne says, "anything which creates class consciousness is to be avoided as the invention of the devil."

Suggested Further Reading

Coe, George Albert. *A Social Theory of Religious Education.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1917. $1.75.
Chapter XV. The Christian Reorganization of the Family.
Hartshorne, Hugh. *Childhood and Character.* Pilgrim Press, Boston. 1919. $1.50.
Chapter II. Babies.
Chapter III. Five-Year-Olds.

V

BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN KNOWING AND DOING

HIS is an instinct ignorantly wise!
Only in doing can he realize
The thing that's done beneath his eyes.

SUSAN BLOW, in *Mottoes and Commentaries on Froebel's Mother Play*.[1]

[1] D. Appleton & Company, New York.

V

BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN KNOWING AND DOING

"BE ye doers of the word and not hearers only," writes the author of the epistle of James. It would be well for teachers to read the context. "For if anyone is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror; he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh into the perfect law . . . being not a hearer that forgetteth but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing."

Learners Must be Active. The stories which we use in our teaching may be ever so vivid, portraying the desirable conduct in such form that the child takes the lesson to himself, but if we teachers do not make opportunities for our hearers, while they are under our supervision, to act, they may be like the man who, "beholding his natural face in a mirror, straightway forgetteth." Even the best homes do not afford such cooperation with class teaching that the other six days are devoted to living the life which the teaching story portrayed.

A Lesson in Sharing. Ethel was selfish. It matters not whose fault it was, the teacher knew that

she, more than any other child in the group, needed the experience which was being planned for immediately after Christmas. Christmas showered upon these children a wealth of toys. The opening of the session on the Sunday after Christmas was devoted to listening to descriptions of wonderful toys. Each child was excitedly telling what he "had."

Ethel described a beautiful doll, in a gorgeous gown of blue silk made by a doting grandmother. "I wouldn't bring it here," she finished. "No one may touch her. She's my best doll."

The teacher made no comment, but a little later told the story planned for that hour. It was a story of a little girl who allowed a homesick visitor to go to bed with her own precious Christmas dolly. After the story each child planned to bring one Christmas toy to the next week-day session of the class to show and share by letting other children enjoy it for a bit. There was a bubble of enthusiastic talk and in the midst of it Margaret placed her own Christmas dolly in Ethel's lap. Under the spell of this concrete sharing, Ethel said, "I'll bring my Christmas doll, and you and you and you," pointing to the little girls in the circle, "may hold it." The teacher glowed over this promise of a conversion.

Then Ethel had four days at home under the influence of her mother. On the afternoon of the

week-day session she came bearing in her arms a woolly toy dog. "What she would bring has been a subject for no little deliberation," said the mother. "She is very choice of her Christmas doll and I want her to be that way. She will not let another child touch it." Of course the woolly dog was shared, but Ethel's was only a partial conversion. The classroom dolls are consecrated to the teaching of sharing even though wigs become disheveled and clothes mussed in the process. If Ethel's Christmas doll had been so consecrated she would be farther along the road of unselfishness.

Knowing and Doing. The greatest weakness in religious education has been the gap between knowing and doing. To arouse a feeling or a desire to do and give it no chance for expression deadens the sympathies and confirms the habit of no response. There are all about us plenty of people with such deadened sympathies. They can sit in a theater and weep over wrongs which they see portrayed on the stage and be satisfied to go out and do nothing to correct those same wrongs in their own community.

"What are the materials of religious education? What is the content of the curricula?" a teacher of method is wont to ask her students. "Stories," they answer, "songs, prayers, pictures." These classes are usually made up of teachers, and yet it

never fails that references to projects of service, and actual practice in living the Jesus way, are omitted. The curriculum of a church school is in reality a set of graded experiments in social living. It is concerned with the relations between persons and consists of real doing of enterprises involving friendship, helpfulness and brotherhood.

A Lesson from the Textbook or a Lesson in Living? "But how does one get the time in our short sessions?" wails a short-sighted teacher. "By the time we have sung our songs, and the children call for so many familiar ones, and had our prayer and story, the hour is almost gone." Having time for anything involves a choice of values. What is most important in the education of a little child? This is the question to be answered.

A teacher, wishing to enlarge the horizons of her little flock and open the way for an expression of friendship, invited a Japanese student friend to visit her class. Ko San came, dressed in her quaint and pretty silks, only partly Americanized. She sat in the circle, a member of the group, and talked about the children in her Sunday school at home. She had with her a few photographs and a bit of pretty Japanese writing paper. She took part in the activities of the class period. Perhaps ten minutes was spent in looking at her photographs and listening to her stories of the little Japanese children. Of

course it was natural that the visitor should be a subject of conversation the next Sunday. "Will she come again some time?" was the children's question.

"She is going back home soon," was the teacher's answer. "Then she will go to her Sunday school and tell the children all about visiting us. Oh, wouldn't it be fun to give her something to take to her children!" A picture was suggested as a possible gift, and with great enthusiasm the children looked over all the mounted teaching-pictures to choose the one they loved best. Then they were to save their money and buy a new one just like the one selected. Plockhorst's "Christ Blessing Little Children" was the picture chosen, and great was the children's delight when they discovered that there was money enough to buy a colored print of a larger size than their own.

For several Sundays nothing was done on the enterprise except to count the growing fund in the bank. Then came the day when the picture arrived. On account of the distance from the shop the teacher had had to do the purchasing during the week. Slowly now it was removed from its wrappings while all waited. We looked and looked, and admired, and requested the much loved story again, and sang all the songs about Jesus which we knew. Then we wrapped the picture carefully again and

slipped it into the mailing tube to await the next Sunday, when we would visit Ko San in the college dormitory across the park.

Class activities were reduced to a minimum on the next Sunday. We listened to a little music, sang a song or two, and made a prayer of thanks. Then we rehearsed our visit, planning what we would tell Ko San when we gave her the picture. We talked to the Heavenly Father again, and told him that we hoped the children far away would like the picture as much as we did and that it would help them to be like Jesus. Then we donned hats and coats and set forth.

The experiences en route were not without value. A squirrel scampered to meet us as we went through the park and we stopped to give him a nut which the teacher had in her pocket for such an emergency. At the top of the long steps we stopped to look back at our church and pick out the windows in our own room. We sang "Our dear church" looking down at it thus, but with new meaning. From this lofty place we espied other church spires, and remembered that other people sang "Our dear church" for each one.

Then came the dormitory and the presentation of ourselves at the door and the sitting in state in the great armed chairs in the lobby awaiting Ko San. She appeared, calling to us from an upper balcony,

THIS IS THE WAY THE CHILDREN IN JAPAN SING "JESUS LOVES ME"

and we greeted her with hand-waving. "Let us go where we all may sit close together," said Ko San, as she swung open the doors into one of the parlors, and we gathered about her on the soft rug. After the presentation of the picture she sang "Jesus loves me" in Japanese for us, and we responded by singing the same song in English. Then she talked about her trip home, "first on a train and then on a boat," and of the children in her Sunday school and how delighted they would be with the picture.

This enterprise lasted six or seven weeks, and on two Sundays—one when the children would have the old familiar story of the gift picture retold, and the one on which we delivered the gift—the textbooks plans were cast aside. But which is more important, the lesson in a textbook, which may or may not fit our needs at the present moment, or really living the Jesus way, by being a friend to the stranger who has come among us for a little while, and, through her, reaching out to some of our Father's children whom we have never seen?

On another occasion, when the children had saved their money to buy a framed picture to hang on the bare walls of a kindergarten room in a distant city, almost an entire session was given over to the enjoyment of the gift before it was packed for sending. The children engaged in worship while gathered around the picture. There was a robin in the

picture, and they stood still to listen and each one told the burden of the song. This led them into singing songs of God's care and of thanks to him. They hoped that the children far away would like the picture and listen to the robin's song. This wish they wove into a prayer.

Later they carried their gift picture about from room to room so that others might enjoy it before it was packed. The primary children admired it, and so did a senior class and the men in the church office. On their way through the church auditorium they met the pastor.

"We think it is more important to admire our gift and show it to others this morning than to have a program in our own room," said the teacher. She was not very well acquainted with their new pastor. She did not know his viewpoint on education. Would he see the significance of time spent in this way?

Quick as a flash came his answer, "This is a program, is it not?"

Living is the program. We fool ourselves and think we can bind it in textbooks and teach it to our children as they sit inactive in their little chairs, when in reality one enterprise in friendship is more important than a year of textbook lessons.

In the days when we were studying kindergarten theory we were told that the work period in a

morning's program should not be longer than twenty minutes, as little children have very short interest spans. "It is better," we were told, "to select pieces of work which may be finished in a single twenty-minute period." Children's interests do flit, but if a project is sufficiently gripping the interest span will stretch out to weeks. Beginners children will work on Christmas gifts at each session from Thanksgiving until the great day dawns. All education is a growth. Neither virtues nor skills nor knowledge can be tied on all at once, any more than an apple may be tied to a tree. The practice of real brotherhood requires time. The minutes are well invested, even in a short Sunday session, when little children are really engaged in an enterprise of helpfulness. It may be so simple a thing as the sending of a picture book to a sick member of the class. The teacher waits for one pair of clumsy little hands to insert it in an envelope, for another pair to fasten the flap, for another pair to affix the stamp. All watch the teacher's pen as she writes the address. The session is brought to a close a few minutes earlier so that all may go out to the corner mail-box and see it safely deposited. And this is religious education—teaching a child to give his life in service in his world.

VI

UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF METHOD

LOVE grows with being spent,
But starves in its own plenty pent.

SUSAN BLOW, in *Mottoes and Commentaries on Froebel's Mother Play.*

VI

UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF METHOD

"FROM the known to the unknown" is an educational slogan that has helped us much in matters of method and in the selection of curricula materials for children. It has sometimes been misapplied in the field of missionary education. What is "known" to a little beginner? His kitten, the little chickadee who awaits crumbs outside his door, the little lame boy across the street. True. What is "unknown"? The babies in the nursery at the other end of town, the little lonely mountain child in his cabin home, the Chinese Sunday school. Perhaps so. But the world has grown smaller of late. Swift travel and communication have taken down fences and made us all neighbors. Our four- and five-year-olds are living with us in this world with the fences down, and their horizons have broadened even as ours.

We used to say, "Progress in ever widening circles, from the thirsty flower on mother's window sill to the hungry bird in the snow, to the little lame boy across the street, to the babies in the nursery on the other side of town, to the little lonely mountain child in his cabin home, to the Chinese Sunday school." The widening circles were thought to be geographic and to lead the child in his practice of

"otherhood" farther and farther from his own doorstep.

"How far is it?" is not a question of geographical location, we have learned. A little child may express friendship in any one of the above circles, and development therein consists in the type of response and the understanding of need. So the little beginner throws out crumbs to the hungry chickadee while his father joins the Audubon Society and votes to establish feeding stations in the public parks; the little beginner labors over a crude toy to go to little Ah Sun of the Chinese Mission School while the church trustee writes his check to pay little Ah Sun's tuition and board in the selfsame mission school. Each one is expressing brotherhood on his own plane of understanding.

Making Points of Contact. Miles are relatively unimportant when there is real friendship between two groups, and that friendship may be established very often by very little things.

A teacher of beginners, who was rather inclined to believe that the missions which we call foreign had no place in a program for tiny children, made an experiment one day. Keeping her mind open, she carried with her to the classroom a letter which she had just received from a missionary friend in Japan. She purposely chose to present the letter during the free-play period at the opening of the

session so that there should be no coercion. The children were busy about the room, some drawing, some looking at picture books, some building with blocks. They might come to see what she had or stay with their toys, just as they chose.

"I have a letter from a friend far away. It's written on very pretty paper. Would you like to see it?" she asked, seating herself on a convenient window seat.

Two or three children left their play to watch as she drew the pretty paper from the envelope.

"Oh, see the duck!" "And look at those pretty pink flowers." "Does your friend always write on such pretty paper?"

Several other children joined the group to see. The teacher read here and there bits of the letter. A photograph tumbled out from the pages.

"See all the children. Is it a school?" came from the group, now large in number.

"Yes, my friend is a teacher. This is a picture of her children," she answered.

"Is their school like ours?" was the next question.

"Something like ours. I don't believe they have as many pretty pictures as we have," she answered.

The informal conference ended with every child in the group, and plans were made to send some pictures to these other children. Their letter of thanks was accompanied by some drawings of

familiar Bible stories made by these little Japanese children, and by more photographs, and expressions of friendship went back and forth over many miles.

Friendship is more easily established through a known personality. One church school had a missionary interest in Siam. The missionary's picture hung upon the wall. The junior cabinet was filled with curios which she had sent. From time to time letters came. One letter, in answer to a request, enclosed a list of equipment needed in the mission school. The school at home set about to fill some of these needs. The juniors worked with enthusiasm. The missionary's furlough had been within their memory, and the interest in her had carried over from that time.

The beginners must have a part, too, and their teachers selected for them a little enterprise which was within their powers—saving their money to buy a set of much needed Bible pictures and mounting these on cardboard so that they might be used in teaching. But these children were members of the Cradle Roll at the time of the missionary's furlough. She meant nothing to them, although they saw her picture hanging on the wall and went to view the curios in the junior cabinet. The children did the work of mounting the pictures but showed listlessness in the preparation for mailing. The teacher felt that it was a forced enterprise. The fact that

no message of thanks could possibly make the long journey before the larger number of the group had celebrated their promotion to the primary department did not help the situation any. A year later, when letters and photographs and a box of Siamese toys had made these far-away children real, the beginners class gathered some American toys to pack and send, reciting the itinerary of the package over and over in childish glee: "first on a train and then on a boat and then on a donkey's back." During the first enterprise we had only talked about Siam, during the second the Siamese children were our friends.

The very ones who were so listless over the first Siamese project, only three months later showed plenty of enthusiasm over the making of decorated boxes filled with seed for some children in a distant city whom they had never seen.

The pastor of the church, who held an especially warm corner in the hearts of the beginners, went away to engage in home missionary work. There was mourning throughout the parish, and the little people shared in it.

"When is Mr. B— coming back?" they would ask.

"You know what I wish?" said a little boy. "I wish the door would open, and Mr. B— would come

in and sit down on one of our little chairs and never go away again."

Free play was in progress one day at a week-day session when the teacher opened the door. She held an envelope in her hand. "Here is a letter," she began, "and it's for you."

"I know it's from Mr. B—," cried a little girl. "He never forgets us."

The children with one accord deserted dolls and blocks and picture books and crowded eagerly about. "Read it! Read it!" they cried.

The letter gave a picture of tiny houses and small dooryards in which there was no hint of beauty. The children suggested flowers for these other children. When the distance intervening was explained, how one must sleep, and eat breakfast, dinner and supper on the train before getting there, they quite eagerly accepted the teacher's suggestion that the gift be seeds so that the children there might make flowers grow. Two play periods were given over to the work of decorating small cardboard boxes by pasting on them flowers cut from old postals and seed catalogues and then filling the boxes with nasturtium seeds. What made the difference between wholehearted interest in this activity and the entire absence of it at the time of sending the pictures to Siam? Not geographical location, although the destination of the seeds was in this

country. Friendship brings distant things near, and the children in the little houses with the tiny door-yards became vivid through a known and loved personality. The enterprise would have worked quite as well had the beloved pastor gone to Alaska or the islands of the sea. And models of Alaskan snow-houses or straw-covered huts would not have been needed to make the life there vivid had such been the case. All the group needed was their friend. Any children that he works among immediately become alive and their needs pressing because of this friendship.

The best adventures in friendship arise quite naturally as the result of our everyday activities and interests. Knowing this, a teacher of a group of beginners did not suggest money gifts to an Italian church, just because the upper school had chosen that as a special project. Keeping this venture of the school in the back of her mind, she awaited an opportunity.

One day they were playing house, with a circle of chairs for a house and the family inside, when a sudden inspiration came to the teacher. She would introduce a new element in the play. She went over to the playhouse and knocked on the floor near it. The family within suddenly stood still but seemed rather at a loss as to what to do. Then one of them ventured, "Come in!" Once inside the sacred circle

of chairs another member of the family invited her to sit down. Beyond that they had no ideas about entertaining. Here was something to work on.

The next week they tried the play again, but the child hostesses were limited to the conversation of the week before—"Come in!" "Please sit down"—and the guests were not at ease. Clearly they needed a model of polite entertaining.

The assistant was called upon in the emergency. Would she play that the circle of chairs was her house? Yes, she would and established herself therein. Such a time as the children had calling on her! Every child wanted a turn. One could never tell what this charming hostess might do. She opened an imaginary door, greeted her guests with a hand-shake, removed make-believe hats and coats, introduced two callers who arrived at the house at the same time, served tea and all the time kept up the most interesting conversation, referring to her guests as "Mrs." and attaching the little girls' last names. The reserve of the guests melted as snow in the spring sunshine. The child audience watched all this with eager interest. And how keen their criticisms were! "Miss Blank wants her company to have a good time." "She doesn't care for herself. She just does what they want to do." "They didn't say 'thank you' when they went home."

They all gathered close about the teacher to look

at two pictures, one of a child greeting guests at the door and another of a child sharing her toys with visitors. Then the story of Elisha's little room on the roof was told, and every time he went up the stairs the children furnished his room all over again, repeating in rhythmic fashion, "and there was a bed and a seat and a table and a lamp," thereby getting an appreciation of the comfort afforded him by the rich woman.

The next week it must all be done over again. The play the children carried on themselves, with a little hostess who entertained her guests with grace. The teacher retold the story of the comforts which the rich woman planned for Elisha.

"Would you like to have some real company?" questioned the teacher.

"Who?" asked the children, and then followed a description of the Italian children, of their room in the little church, of the joy a ride on a trolley car would be to them, as well as the sight of the park across the street.

"What could we do to give them a good time if they came?" asked the teacher.

The answers were prompt. "Say, 'Won't you sit down?'" "Say, 'Take off your things.'" "Let them play with our dolls." "Give them something nice to eat." "Take them down to our church and let them listen to our organ." This last was a spe-

cial joy to the children, and it pleased the teacher that they thought of sharing it.

"If they should want to play 'Mulberry Bush' . . ." suggested the teacher. "We'd have to play it, for they would be company," finished the children.

"How shall we ask them to come?" was the teacher's next question. The children were not sure.

"Well," she continued, "when I want to say anything to anybody far away I write it in a letter."

"That's it, write a letter," they all chorused.

They gathered around the table and the teacher supplied herself with a sheet of church letter paper and her fountain pen.

"How shall we begin?" asked the teacher, but the children seemed to have no idea of a salutation, so she wrote, "Dear Children:—"

"Do I understand," questioned the assistant, "that these are poor Italian children? Do you think we had better have them? They are sometimes so dirty —some of the mothers may object."

The teacher's heart sank. Yes, they might object, true! But she especially wanted her children to have this experience. Her assistant needed some of the same education in Christian brotherhood, evidently. Two mothers were in the room at the time and were watching the proceedings with evident sympathy and interest. The pastor had expressed

himself as wholeheartedly in favor of the plan. The teacher was supposed to be teaching religion in this church and she would teach it according to her convictions.

She turned back to her waiting flock. "What shall we say to these children?" she asked.

Small Roger beamed upon her. "Please come to —— Church," he said. She wrote it, repeating as she wrote. "If you do, you may play with our dolls and our new wagon," added a little girl, and the teacher's pen wrote on. "If you want to, we will play games." "You are going to have some candy," was the next. The teacher objected. "Oh, let's not tell them everything that is going to happen. Let's have some surprises." The last contribution was ruled out by popular vote. "What else?" she asked. "Come at three o'clock and we will be right by the door." "We send our love." It was read aloud and signed, "The Children of —— Church," and sealed to the evident satisfaction of all the children. The assistant alone looked discontented.

The next week was a busy one. There were pretty boxes to make to hold the candy for the party. "Hurry up!" said small Robert, waving his paste stick at Helen. "There's lots of work to do." Plans, suggestions as to what to play, and promptings about good manners dotted the whole hour. Most of them came from the children, and after the

teacher had once criticized the misdemeanor of a small boy by saying, "How will the company feel if you do that next week?" it was used as a standard for the test of every action. The reading of the acceptance from the little Italian children was the event of the afternoon.

"How is anticipation on —— Avenue?" asked the teacher of the invited guests, meeting the other teacher on the street.

"It runs rather high," was the answer.

"Nothing to what it does on —— Street," returned the first. "I don't see how I am going to live through the next few days. They ask me nine hundred and ninety times each morning the same question in various versions: 'Is it today?' 'Today we go on trolley car, Miss Brown?' 'Party today?' 'Today we go by church by the park?' It is a great event. You see, most of them have never been off the block."

The party day dawned bright and clear. "One item is settled at least," said the teacher to herself as she opened her eyes in the morning. Later, while she was busy at the church, the telephone rang. "Isn't it a fine day?" came over the wire. "Excitement here is at fever heat. I just called up to tell you that we had a mothers' meeting yesterday and made a plea for baths and clean clothes, and the nurse has been in this morning and examined us all

and she says that we are clean and healthy." This assurance robbed the teacher of the last bit of lurking misgiving as to the wisdom of this project in brotherhood. She could not help but harbor a little apprehension after the assistant's criticism.

Early comers busied themselves at getting the dolls into clean clothes. Every other second some one would report, "I don't see them yet," the speaker having been craning his neck out of the front window.

"Here they come! Here they come!" at last came the call from a small watcher, and all the children ran to the window to wave a greeting, and then rushed down to the lower hall. How long the visitors were in getting across the street! Why didn't they ring the bell? At last Roger could stand it no longer. He pushed open the door and rushed out. "Why don't you come in? We are all waiting for you," he asked.

There was a moment or two of awkwardness when they were all finally inside, during which the two groups stood and stared at each other and then the hosts and hostesses began helping with the hats and coats. The dolls and toys were handed over to the company immediately, but when they came to play circle games, each child played with the members of his own group rather than with the strangers.

The real appreciation of those little Italian children came when they sat down in a circle to sing. How ready the little visitors were and how charming were their little songs! And the other children listened and commented with intense enjoyment. "That's beautiful!" said Muriel at the conclusion of one.

"We'll sing it again and you sing with us," said the visiting teacher, and she stopped to have her children repeat the words line by line so the others could learn it.

The singing so melted the heart of the assistant, who was a little stiff at the beginning of the party, that she gave little Rosie a bit of a squeeze as she returned to her place in the circle. "No, our children cannot sing like that," was her comment.

"Do you sing 'Jesus loves me'?" questioned the teacher who was hostess. "I can sing that in Italian; I used to teach Italian children," and this statement made the two groups more akin in her children's eyes. Tony evidently recognized it, for he crept up to her side as she sang. Golden-haired Dorothy joined him and stood there watching, trying to pronounce the queer syllables.

Then they all went to the church to listen to the organ, and when they came back the party was ready. Here was the real test of the spirit of friendliness and the desire to share. When they

took their places at the tables, a little girl visitor was without a chair. Harry, the problem of the group and the most selfish, rose and gave her his own and ran into the other room for another. The number of guests was larger than they had anticipated and three were without the candy box favors. When the teacher pointed out the fact, Helen, Muriel and Robert gave theirs away and there were other volunteers.

"Good-by! Come again!" called the children from the door. "Thank you for the good time!" came back from the departing guests as they were waved away. "Good-by, children!" called another voice from the stairway. It was the pastor, and at the sight of him his own children rushed upon him and hugged him around the knees and clung to his hands. They did not say it, but the action spoke for them—"We have had such a good time having company."

The Basis of Friendship. Real friendship can be based on no less a foundation than mutual respect. Hugh Black says it must be an expression of the Golden Rule. Then the hand which proffers gifts and does deeds of service must never be accompanied by the upturned nose of snobbery or the condescending smile of pity. Children are generally free from such unworthy attitudes unless they are schooled in them by careless adults.

We have gone astray on this point in missionary education by placing emphasis upon differences rather than likenesses. Is our "Christian" nation so far superior to others in its treatment of the common man that we dare call another nation "heathen"? Are the lines of our children's costumes so beautiful that we dare call the Chinese child's costume "queer"? We must teach our children that little black eyes enjoy bright colors and beautiful pictures quite as well as our eyes do, and make small point of the fact that those black eyes are set at a peculiar angle. It would be better to omit the offering service from the beginners program than to have the basket passed for the "poor" children. Race and class distinctions are to be avoided as one avoids smallpox, for once having had the disease, the moral nature will carry the scars through life. An appreciation of the capacity and worth of the members of another group will prove a very effectual vaccine.

One of the joys of guiding little children along the pathway of friendship is that they place no commercial value on the gifts which may be sent back and forth. The most beloved toy in one class cabinet is a box containing pictures mounted on small cards. These children have a wealth of toys for their play periods, and yet the picture box is almost always in use. The pictures are handled over and

over, laid out one by one on the table, made to serve for a doll's scrapbook and fastened up on the wall to decorate the dolls' corner.

"That's good pasting," remarked one of the recipients the day the gift was received. "They worked hard for us."

The box came from a class in a school where there are few things with which to work and no money. No comparison was made between this gift and the one they had sent which cost several dollars. Children do not think in terms of dollars and cents.

Teachers, with a little care, may plan so that the giving may not be all on one side. The children of a day nursery were once invited to be the guests of a beginners class at a Christmas party. The gift to the guests was one big doll to take home to play with in their nursery. With keen foresight the teacher of the nursery group stopped en route to the party and had her flock purchase some holly. This was presented to the hosts and hostesses on arrival and immediately given a place of honor on the party table. What could be more natural? In real life when we go visiting, do we not often carry a little remembrance to our hostess?

The Recognition of God's Will. But what makes deeds of service and friendship, such as little children can do, religious? What difference is there

between these activities carried on in the church school and the things which are done in the public school? Surely the children in the public school give to the needy at Thanksgiving, contribute to the Near East, and do similar acts of service.

Conduct of this type may be termed religious when it is definitely related to the will of God and shown to be in line with the Christian purpose. It is for just this that the school of religion exists. In our school we may say, "This is what the Heavenly Father most wants because he wishes his children to love each other." In our school we may say, "This is what Jesus would do," and to make our children very certain of the Jesus way we may tell the fascinating stories of that life of service. In our school each act of unselfishness may be crowned with a bit of worship, thus making our purposes and the Father's purposes one. With such emphasis the giving of a paper toy becomes a Christian act; without such emphasis it is merely ethical.

Suggested Further Reading

For suggestions for gift making, games to play at parties, and ways of entertaining guests:

PALMER, LUELLA A. *Play Life in the First Eight Years.* Ginn & Co., Boston. 1916. $1.48.

FITCH, LOTTIE E. *Children's Parties for the Sunday School and Home.* William H. Dietz, Chicago. 1915. 95 cents.

VII

THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC PLAY

IT requires very little observation of a child to reach the conclusion that he does not get hold of any impression or any idea until he has done it; the impression is alien, is felt as inadequate, as unsatisfactory, until the child makes it his own by turning it over into terms of his own activities. He gains his ideas and makes them truly his own, a part of himself, by reproducing them, and this reproduction is literal and not metaphorical. He acts it out before he really takes it in.

JOHN DEWEY.[1]

[1] From "Imagination and Expression," an address before the Western Drawing Teachers Association, 1896.

VII

THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC PLAY

SAMUEL CROTHERS calls one of his essays on childhood, "The Ignominy of Being Grown Up." Life is dull indeed when we have reached that stage of existence when the breakfast cereal is merely something that must be eaten; when we walk the streets and ride on the railway merely to get there; when an especially attractive necktie or spring bonnet must stay in the shop window unless we actually part with some of our hard-earned silver; when our friends and acquaintances are just humans like ourselves and no one of them holds the slightest possibility of turning into a fairy prince. But to be a child even in the prosaic modern day is to live in the kingdom of have-it-as-you-wish, for every child's fairy godmother dwells in his own soul. Ah, then is cereal fairy pudding for children, and their bowl none other than Old King Cole's; they can walk the streets and ride on railways always in character, and change as they like from a horse to the solemn policeman, from engineer to brakeman; to see an attractive necktie or a spring bonnet is but to own and wear it, with nothing at all to pay; and days are passed in the midst of fairy princes and talking animals.

To the most casual observer two types of dra-

matic play are evident. There is the play of imitation, coming first in point of time. This play begins when baby first holds a newspaper before his face like daddy, or takes the brush from mother's hand to put a finishing touch on his own hair. Seeing an attractive activity he tries it out, with so serious an intent that it would seem that he feels the need of experiencing with his muscles before he understands what is being done.

Without laying aside this fascinating method of learning, he progresses to a more subtle kind of imitative play, one which calls for a more developed type of imagination. It is still imitation for the purpose of finding out, but he uses his stage properties differently. Rover is an object of interest as he lies in his dog kennel. "Bow-wow-wow, I am Rover!" says the little boy. But oh, for a dog kennel to make the play complete! He looks about him. Daddy's newspaper lies on the chair. Suddenly the newspaper has other possibilities than being read. Half unfolded and laid on the floor like a peaked roof, the little boy crawls under it, barking loudly, and there is Rover, kennel and all. Things—articles—have assumed a new rôle in his experience. They may be used as society uses them; they may be used as the imagination decides, for other purposes than those for which they were originally intended.

This sort of play is developed in endless fashion, always growing more complicated both as to activities chosen for imitation, and as to the different uses made of common objects while projecting the activities. But always the play is an imitation of well known scenes in everyday life. The little actor plays store, school, house, railroad train, fire-truck, postman, ambulance and all the rest.

When our child is still a young child he begins to use the other type of dramatic play—that of projecting his plays into experiences which, for him, exist only in the imagination. For example, he has never had first-hand experiences with such activities as make up the rhythmic tale of Jack and Jill. Being a city-bred youngster he has never carried water down the hill from the well. This does not hinder his enjoyment of the story, however, for with his seaside pail he may act it out on the living-room floor. This desire to act out every picture which the child's ear brings to him makes it possible for him to venture beyond the confines of personal experience. Things that he has never seen may become vivid through play.

One day, while building with his blocks, a small boy makes a long structure which his mother, in praising him, calls a bridge. Now the little boy has never seen a bridge, but in answer to his questions and with the aid of a picture in a current magazine

he learns that cars and wagons go over a bridge, and boats go underneath. Immediately a procession of toy autos and a train of cars may be seen passing over his bridge. Blocks and a toy boat plow their way beneath. Alas! the toy boat is too tall to pass beneath the block bridge. But this is quite as things are in reality, his father declares. When that is the case there must be a draw, and the little boy learns to turn part of his bridge about to allow his boat clear head-room.

Even the simplest nursery stories cannot help but carry a child out of the realm of his actual experiences. But this is not a fault when he has dramatic play to help him understand. His story tells of a rider on a horse. Now the small listener has never been mounted on a horse's back, but horses he knows, so what cares he! He strides the piano bench, a bit of twine slung over a chair-back just beyond makes the reins, and here he rides far and fast, and rides on the mission of the hero of his tale. The magic carpet of the imagination will carry a little traveler anywhere on this planet or into fairyland, and if the lens of his field-glass does not yield him a clear vision he stops for a bit of dramatic play. "He does not get hold of any idea until he has done it. He acts it out before he really takes it in."

We have taken this short excursion into the field

of child study so that we may reiterate the fact that a child's interests, capacities and tendencies are signposts, pointing the way in education. "Wouldst thou know how to teach a child?" asks Froebel. "Observe him, he will show you what to do." No *must* in educational practice is so urgent as the one which God himself has woven in the soul of every child. Play he *must*. Then we will play with him, no matter what we are trying to teach, because play is his method. It will yield good results in arithmetic or any other content subject. It will yield tenfold in the matter of world friendship, for our interest is conduct and the formation of attitudes.

The use of play in teaching Christian brotherhood has two purposes; first, it is a method of rehearsing kindly deeds, of practising for service; second, it helps to make distant things vivid through the use of the imagination.

The value of a rehearsal in producing a desired bit of conduct is not always recognized. We adults embody our stories within our busy brains, sitting quietly all the while. We project future experiences in our mind's eye, so to speak, planning what we shall say and how we shall act in the coming situation. This is none the less a rehearsal, even though it be an inactive one. The child, lacking the power of such projected thought, works out his story or unrealized experience with action and stage properties.

A group of beginners was planning to buy an Easter plant for a shut-in. Colors were discussed, and in session after session the growing fund in the bank was counted and recounted. "We'll carry it like this," said Sidney, as, carefully holding an imaginary flower, he stepped across the room.

"Mrs. M— will be our friend who sits in her chair all day and can't go to the park," said the teacher, nodding toward a visiting mother. (The teacher of little children must learn to think quickly, and anticipate play possibilities.) Other children left their chairs to follow Sidney. He knocked on the floor, near Mrs. M—'s chair, as there was no door.

"Come in!" called Mrs. M—. The children crowded close to her chair, and Sidney set the imaginary pot of blooms on its arm, announcing, "We have brought you this because it's Easter."

"I'll be the flower," said Ellen, pushing her way in close to the chair-arm.

Mrs. M— expressed her joy at having the flower, dipping her nose in among Ellen's ringlets to smell. She said that yellow was her favorite color, at which the children declared that Ellen was a pink flower. At that Mrs. M— maintained that she liked pink flowers best. Conversation flowed, for Mrs. M— made a delightful shut-in, and the visit closed with the group singing their new Easter song for her.

The next Sunday the play was indulged in for a

second time with some additions. There was a florist's shop with several child flowers, from which the group chose the one they wished for their friend. Imaginary money changed hands with the usual question and answer about prices. It was suggested that "the shut-in lady" might like to see some of our pictures as well as hear a song, so pictures were selected and carried across the room to where the assistant sat in a big chair awaiting the visit.

The third rehearsal brought out some fine touches in conversation and then the day of the reality dawned. Never were children so much at ease, so unconscious, so filled with a desire to give pleasure. The explanation is simple. The children had no reason to be shy. They were masters of the situation because they had tried it out. The various things to be done during such a visit had been evaluated, as they had played, in the light of "what will the shut-in lady like best?" Group approval and teacher approval of certain actions during the play had formed standards. The play had produced a certain "set,"—that is, nerves were ready to discharge. The children, finding themselves in a situation very like the play situation, tended to act in the approved fashion.

It is not fooling when mother politely entertains a little girl visitor who comes with an old pocketbook on her arm and a hat three seasons old brought

down from the attic. The manners learned on such occasions will keep the little lady from disgracing her relatives in polite society. It is not fooling when ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes is taken out of the precious hour of the beginners Sunday session to throw crumbs to hungry birds; run errands for a make-believe mother; carry broth or flowers to a "pretend-sick" child who is put to bed on three chairs in the center of the circle. Play is the method—the very best assurance we have that the approved action will be carried over into life.

Whenever we teachers of little children step beyond the boundaries of next door or down the street in our adventures in brotherhood, we question whether our children will understand, whether the experience will become real.

Letters and photographs from a greatly loved former pastor had made a class of little Negro children seem very near. A Christmas gift had been planned for them, a framed picture to decorate their room. The money had been counted over and over, had been carried to the store by the children themselves, and a frame selected and ordered. The picture had been enjoyed a whole day in our room and had been carried about the building for other classes to admire.

"But after all, it is going very far away," the teacher said to herself, as they watched the sexton

nail on the protecting strips of wood to pack the gift for sending.

"Now we will hope," said he, "that no jolting train or bumping wagon will break the glass before it gets there."

"How will it go?" asked the teacher, hoping for an explanation which would help the children to realize something of the distance.

She was rewarded with a story which began with the expressman's auto, included the train journey, and ended with an expressman with a horse. The children listened.

The last nail was driven and the address printed with heavy crayon. "I'll carry it to the express office when I go out," the sexton promised as he vanished, amid a chorus of thanks for his services.

"I could be the 'spressman," said George, picking up the big box and lugging it across the room.

They had spent half of a session assisting with the packing. Could it be that they would spend the other half playing about it? But that is children's way.

"Very well," encouraged the teacher, "make an automobile for the expressman."

Four chairs were placed together with one in front for the driver. George seated himself, several children helping him get the box in place. George

chug-chugged at a lively rate, stopping only to call, "Get the train ready!"

This made work for everyone, as we whisked the chairs into a long line, one behind the other.

"All aboard!" called Francis, assuming the rôle of engineer.

It was unnecessary, as we were all seated on the train.

"Here! Wait a minute! Take this box!" called George, jumping from his chair-auto and tugging at the box.

"Where's it going?" called the occupants of the train.

"To Mr. P—'s children," returned the expressman.

"Put her on!" called the engineer.

Two travelers had to sit in one seat to make room for the box, and then we choo-chooed merrily for some minutes. The transfer was made from the train to the expressman with a horse, and the travelers left the train reluctantly.

"Come!" said the teacher, swinging the chairs into a circle. "We will be Mr. P—'s children. Here we sit in Sunday school. We don't even guess there's a surprise coming for us."

"But who will be Mr. P—?" asked Earl.

A visiting big sister was pressed into service.

"You may take the box to Mr. P—'s house, ex-

"CHOO-CHOO!" THE TRAIN CARRIES A GIFT TO CHILDREN FAR AWAY

pressman," directed the teacher. "It has his name on it. He will bring it to Sunday school and show it to us."

The big sister, now Mr. P—, dropped into a near-by rocker and took up a book. The expressman, with much puffing, removed the box from his chair wagon and rang an imaginary doorbell.

"What is it?" asked the big sister, rising.

"Big box for you! Surprise!"

"Where does it come from?" questioned the big sister.

"From —— church," responded the small expressman.

This all took place on the other side of the room while we of the Sunday school sat and watched. Soon the big sister came towards us, carrying the box and greeting us with a dignified, "Good morning, children!"

She set the box on the floor in the center of the circle, a little at a loss as to how to carry her part farther.

"And then they'll open it!" breathed Ethel, a member of the circle. "Only we mustn't. We just got it packed up. Won't they be s'prised!"

And entering into the joy of the recipients by means of the imagination seemed a fitting climax to the whole enterprise.

Suggested Further Reading

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. *Virginibus Puerisque.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1908. 90 cents.
Essay on Child's Play.

VIII

THE MOTIVATION OF SERVICE THROUGH WORSHIP

SELFISHNESS is the only real atheism; aspiration, unselfishness, the only real religion.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

VIII

THE MOTIVATION OF SERVICE THROUGH WORSHIP

MANY thoughtful parents and educators, because of the social emphasis in Christian education, have become critical of the much loved prayer which has been on the lips of children for generations. "Now I lay me" calls up tender associations of home and mother's knee to many an earnest Christian spirit. But we must confess that the criticisms are not unfounded. The constant use of this prayer in childhood has the ill effects of any rote prayer which, with recurring repetition, degenerates into mere form and sometimes is looked upon as a charm, so that the child is fearful of going to bed without saying it. Many a little one has cuddled beneath the bedclothes with a clutching fear of death, and no amount of reflective thought and questioning has made clear to a young investigator what part of him his soul might be.

But our interest in the prayer is not from this angle. There have been new versions of the prayer which have omitted the word "soul" and the idea of death. But even with these alterations the prayer remains a selfish prayer:

"Now I lay *me* down to sleep,
I pray the Lord *my* soul to keep,

If *I* should die before I wake
I pray the Lord *my* soul to take."

And never a word about the other fellow. If we turn to Jesus' prayer, which was given us as a model, we find a different emphasis. Even the personal pronouns are plural—"Our Father," "give us," "forgive us," "deliver us," and one of the first petitions is about "thy kingdom." While the Lord's prayer is so far beyond the comprehension of little children that we would not favor its use, its social purport may be taken as a standard.

A Social Viewpoint. However, prayers which include others or are about others are not necessarily social. "Bless the heathen," prays the adult —the language may be a little more elegant but the meaning is the same—with never a word about his own relationship to those "heathen." Quite as selfishly the little child prays, "Bless mother and daddy, grandma and grandpa, aunt Ellen and uncle Billy, and all the people who live on our block." The more nearly ideal prayer is not "bless them and me," but "bless them through me," and so we strive for prayers about helping and sharing.

A review of the prayers for enemies in the liturgies of the various churches is illuminating, for we discover how lacking they are in a real universal outlook. In many of them the petitioner stands off with a "better than thou" attitude, asking that *"they*

may be led to true repentance." There are few that voice a desire for a change of heart on the part of the petitioner. A little boy who prayed, "God bless everybody I don't know and everybody I don't like," was approaching a social view. The next step is not to leave the work of blessing to the Almighty, but to share his purpose by contributing something which will make that blessing possible.

Worship and Activity. Small Margaret, a member of a beginners class, was absent from a weekday session because she was in the hospital having her tonsils removed. The children were sympathetic. It was a vividly remembered experience to some. The teacher exhibited a paper doll and some bright-colored papers with which to fashion dresses for her. They set to work earnestly with scissors and paste. They created dresses with sashes and belts and buttons, ruffles and bows, and roses on the shoulder. The teacher's table began to look like a fashion parade as the finished dresses were laid there in a long row.

Having worked long and intently, when the dresses were finished they scampered away to the gymnasium for a few games. Returning, they sat down in a close group and talked about how happy Margaret would be "tomorrow when she comes home, to find the doll waiting to play with her." Margaret's mother came in with a report from the

hospital, and they asked her to wait a few minutes because there was a surprise for Margaret. One by one the dresses were tried on and admired. The doll was named and the name written on the envelope with messages from the children. The teacher bowed her head. "Heavenly Father," she prayed, "we hope Margaret will have as much fun playing with this doll as we have had making it." Then Margaret's mother left with the "surprise."

A story followed, a story of a little girl who helped. Pictures of Jesus which portrayed familiar stories of how Jesus helped were looked at, and songs were sung of his helpfulness, ending with a prayer hymn that all might be "little helpers."

"I suppose on Sunday you have a lesson," remarked a departing visitor.

"Lesson!" repeated the teacher to herself. "And here I have been teaching the best I know for an hour and a half!"

As she analyzed her program a little later she was convinced it was the best she knew: wholehearted activity with a service purpose behind it; a story portraying the ideal of service; the doing related to the Jesus way by picture and song; and two brief moments of worship in which there was attempt to identify the children's purpose with the Father's.

We have stated our topic as the motivation of

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service through worship. Were this primarily a discussion of worship we would say worship through activity. Like a good rule, it works two ways.

Activity makes worship possible. No child was ever prepared for prayer by the use of the phrase common in adult meetings, "Let us pray." A child must be given some reason for praying; desire for prayer must be built up by actual experience. One mother testifies that she achieved the first real prayer with her little girl after a few minutes' play with some of the Heavenly Father's beautiful autumn leaves. The next day they experienced the same reality in prayer after using the pretty leaves to make a gift for grandma.

Just as truly worship motivates service. Our children are bundles of impulses. They act without inhibitions. As some of the acts are approved and some disapproved, the child is able to sort out his responses, and little by little the helpful, kindly acts, being approved, grow in number. The child who can control his action, motivating it by the standard of "what mother likes" when she is away from him, is ready to control his action, motivating it by "what the Heavenly Father likes." In worship this relationship, this entering into the Father's purpose with a dawning understanding of his solicitude for human beings and his dependence on human beings for getting his will carried out, is real-

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ized. It is just finding the Father "where he himself is pleased to dwell," as George Albert Coe expresses it.

"How many beautiful things the Heavenly Father makes," summarized a teacher when the springtime circle talk, after recounting the pussy willows and little new leaves over in the park and bright flowers in the shop windows, had finally come to a period.

"Grandma J— can't walk out to see them," commented George, but it was not irrelevant to the subject in hand. Little by little the fund in the bank was growing, and when Easter day came these children stood about a pot of red tulips, chosen by themselves and paid for with their own money and prayed: "Heavenly Father, we thank thee for Easter flowers. We want everybody to see them and be glad, so we are taking these red tulips to Grandma J—. Amen."

A social prayer takes account of the worshiper's effort to bring about the desired good. Sometimes the good is not yet realized, and we ask for help to bring it to pass, as these children had asked many times as they counted and recounted the money. At the culmination of a deed of service we pause to recognize God's membership in the brotherhood of those who share.

"Gifts for God." It is customary to worship in connection with an offering. While little children

soon learn that money has a value which they do not entirely comprehend, they become hopelessly puzzled over the reception of the offering in a church service and the practice of taking pennies to the church school. Childish logic asks, "Who throws the pennies up to God?" and this is a reasonable question, for many a teacher makes no explanation of the offering except to say, "We are bringing our gifts to God."

Remembering how literally a child takes our statements, any symbolic meaning being far beyond his ken, we should not wonder at questions of this type. But they are indicative of a maze of twisted thinking which we must seek to avoid. The problem of money gifts will be discussed later. We are interested now only in the worship connected with the giving.

Our reason for giving to the cause of missions may be found in Jesus' words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." As the text has many words in it meaningless for a little child, let us translate it for him into his concrete language and say just what we mean. We bring gifts—not to God. The cattle on a thousand hills are his. What does he want of a few pennies? We bring gifts to friends, near and far—to lame Jimmy who needs a picture book; to the children in the little church on the other

side of town who need little chairs. Our gifts tell them of our love, and God would have it so. Our gifts make them happy, so they are God's gifts given to others. Accordingly we do not sing, "Father, bless the gifts we bring *thee,*" but we pray, "Heavenly Father, we bring our gifts. They are for other little children whom you love. We are glad that we can help make them happy."

Nothing will so clear a child's thinking on this subject as the consecration of other gifts than money. Why should an offering always be of money? Money is not the symbol of exchange in childhood. As a visible evidence of friendship when we are five, we share our cooky with the one we love, or we tear a much prized sheet of tinfoil in half. A paste-smeared scrapbook is more of an expression of love and sacrifice on the part of a child than the dime that came out of his father's pocket. He has given up playtime to make that scrapbook. He has held the scissors in clumsy fingers and worked with concentration, holding his tongue in his cheek. Is a dime so much more worthy of being consecrated to its mission of service than a scrapbook?

One day a group of children gathered close to the teacher's knees to look at such a scrapbook that had just been finished. As they observed the last pic-

ture she laid it in her lap and folded her hands upon it.

"Let us speak to the Heavenly Father," said she.

Every pair of hands within reach was folded and placed upon the scrapbook, in imitation of hers.

"We have worked together, Heavenly Father, for Donald. May these pretty pictures keep him happy in bed and make him forget he is sick. Please make him well again. Amen."

The pupils of a church school were planning to fill twelve Thanksgiving baskets for as many families.

"Our pupils would rather bring money," said the superintendent of the senior department, "and that will be just as well. It can be used to buy the chickens."

"And our children, who love the concrete, will furnish the vegetables and canned goods," added a primary teacher.

"There will be an offering service, of course," suggested another teacher.

"Yes, the senior offering will be taken on the plates and dedicated," answered the senior superintendent.

"If your money," quickly responded the beginners superintendent, "why not our potatoes and apples and carrots and packages of oatmeal?"

As this was heartily seconded by the other teach-

ers of children, and as there seemed to be no real reason why it should not be done, the plan was tried.

On Thanksgiving Sunday down the aisle came the beginners. The line was gay with harvest colors as they bore their carrots and beets, apples and potatoes and pumpkins. Bright wrappings on canned goods added to the splendor. They piled their gifts on the communion table, sang their own Thanksgiving song, and went to their places in the pews. The primary children followed. More harvest colors; the arrangement of their gifts; their Thanksgiving song. The juniors followed, reciting a psalm of praise after they had deposited their gifts. The pastor stood back of the table to receive the gifts. Last of all came two senior boys bearing their gifts of money in the offering plates. The pastor's prayer consecrated all the gifts and dedicated them to the joy of others. And every little beginner kept his eyes on the particular basket of apples or bright-colored package that he had carried. By such practice is a child's fellowship with God identified with his fellowship with men.

IX

MAKING MONEY GIFTS CONCRETE

THE material results of children's giving should be disregarded utterly. Their moral development is the only worthy consideration. Character, not money, is the aim. . . . No financial appeal has any place in the church school unless it will react helpfully on the lives of the givers.

GILBERT LOVELAND, in *Training World Christians*[1]

[1] Methodist Book Concern, New York.

IX

MAKING MONEY GIFTS CONCRETE

THE church school is not a philanthropic institution. It does not exist to promote the cause of missions, nor to give relief to the needy, nor to carry on social service work in any form. The aim is education, the Christian nurture and growth in social motives of its pupils. Therefore all activities must be judged by the results in the lives of those being educated.

It would seem, then, that the undue emphasis placed upon amounts by some church school treasurers is out of place. Happily little children escape these announcements unharmed. A good bit of the vicious class rivalry that is promoted in the interest of larger contributions does not touch them, either.

"Let us have a banner for the class which has the most perfect attendance and brings the largest offerings," said a minister, with more zeal than wisdom. "It will promote a little friendly rivalry."

"Friendly rivalry," ejaculated the beginners teacher, "when our aim is fellowship!" In her mind she turned the pages of Professor Coe's *A Social Theory of Religious Education.* "If this fellowship be rich and aspiring"—she could not quote exactly, but such an institution is educationally effective regardless of method or curricula.

She remembered when an aeroplane race had been used to "liven up" the offerings for the redecoration of the church. Her own children had grown enthusiastic during a tour about the building looking for dirty walls and worn carpets, and this enthusiasm had grown as they watched the painters at their work. The contributions of the beginners toward the project had been a fair percentage of the whole, with no other motive than their sense of membership in the group and a feeling of responsibility for the building which was theirs. Indeed, one day when a small forefinger had been turned toward the poster showing the aeroplanes in the lower hall, with the usual childish interrogation, "What's that?" the teacher, with a prayer of thanks because her children could not read, had answered, "It's just a picture. See the aeroplanes." Thus her children's sense of fellowship had remained unbroken. Together they were making their church beautiful.

When the Children's Money Becomes Alive. It is a sad commentary on the teaching in some church schools that the little children think the offering buys the teacher's new hat, but such cases have not been few in number. Other children have the conception that God gets our money, the symbolic meaning of "giving to God" being quite unfathomable to their concrete minds. Some children, when asked in the church school session what they

brought the money for, answer glibly, "For the poor people." This reply discloses no adequate understanding of the missionary cause and smacks of snobbery besides.

The use of the duplex envelope, while it helps inculcate a habit of regular giving and gives training in one of the established customs of the modern church, also assists in clear thinking. "The money in one side is for our church," we tell the children. "What do churches need money for?" A tour of inspection through the building sometimes helps us in the answer. Floors must be swept and scrubbed, for our church must be clean. We switch on a light in a dark hallway. Electric light bills must be paid. "My father pays for our light," adds Billy. The cellar, the furnace and the coal-bin! Coal must be bought to keep us warm. Things that wear out, like chairs and books and carpets, must be bought with money. This is all quite clear even to a little child.

"The money in the other side of the envelope is for other children," we continue.

"Poor children," suggests John.

"Not always," responds the teacher. "Children who have no church. We will buy a church for them, because we love our church so."

"Oh, yes, buy them pictures and little chairs and a piano, and send them a teacher."

Here we have missions in general, comprehensible in part to the child mind.

There are hundreds of ways of clothing silver and copper coins in real flesh and blood as our children bring their gifts for others. Counting, when money is being saved for any special project, is always highly satisfactory to the children, even if the total does not agree with that of the treasurer. One class of beginners counted out their offering to the Near East, placing enough for one dinner in each little pile and placing the piles about the table. In imagination the hungry children actually sat and ate before them that day.

Thanks to a child's imagination, magic can do anything. Sometimes we change our money as we drop it into the basket. We did this one day when we were saving our money to buy fruit for the old people at the Home.

"Mine is oranges," said Donald, dropping his contribution. He stepped to the blackboard and drew wonderful big oranges with colored chalk.

"Mine is apples," said Mary when it was her turn, and so on, while the colorful picture on the blackboard grew to immense proportions.

On another occasion we filled a human vase, formed by two visitors joining hands, with child flowers, as we deposited our contributions for Easter flowers for shut-ins. It was great fun to pick out

roses and lilies and daffodils from the circle of children and place them "in the vase."

One resourceful teacher laid aside the offering basket and gathered the money for a day nursery in a milk bottle. The milkman would change their pennies and nickels and dimes into milk for babies.

A home-made bank will serve to keep the object of any special enterprise before the children more effectually than a prosaic offering basket or glass bank. A tin cocoa box makes the best bank. How delightfully the coins rattle against the tin! It costs not a penny and simply needs a slit punctured in the top. Use a chisel for this and punch the rough edges through to the inside. Bind the outside with a piece of bright-colored paper, and paste thereon pictures illustrating the cause to which the offering is dedicated.

Pictures are a great help in making gifts concrete. One church school set for itself the task of buying a much needed automobile for a missionary in the Kentucky mountains. The juniors pasted a picture of an automobile on each class envelope and mounted the photographs of that mountainous district for all to see. The primary teacher hung up a large circle of cardboard, and in the middle of it was the missionary's picture. The children had added pictures of automobiles, clipped from magazines, until there was not a bit of space left for an-

other make to be advertised. The beginners had drawn a long road on a strip of paper. On this they were pasting automobiles, with charming disregard for traffic rules. The missionary got his auto, and there was no doubt in the minds of the children of that school as to the destination of their contributions.

Better than pictures are real contacts. One day an entire mission school were the guests of another church school. Each grade group was received in the classroom of that grade and they worked and worshiped together for one Sunday. It was a great event for both schools. The next Sunday how easy to say, "Our guests last Sunday were the children to whom we send a gift every year. Our money helps buy their picture papers and lesson books because they have so many children and very little money." It is events of this type that make missionary offerings real.

Of course the actual presentation of a gift surpasses all other methods, but it is not always practical. The children's classes in a humble little Italian mission echoed the general excitement. "The fire" was the one topic of conversation. It had happened on Saturday night and the handsomest church edifice in town lay in ashes. The Italian pastor had rushed out, leading his boys' club, and had joined the citizens as they worked to salvage anything that

could be carried out from the burning building. The boys had talked it over at home and even the smallest child knew the details.

"But where are they having Sunday school today?" asked one child.

"There is a church right across the street and that church is having them for company today," answered the teacher.

"Suppose it was our church got burned," came from another child.

"Let's give some money to the church that was burned," was the final suggestion, and the teacher thrilled to have a child make it.

But oh, the stupidity and selfishness of adults! The teachers' meeting voiced such sentiments as, "They have never given us a cent"; "They can buy us out six times over"; "We do not belong to the same denomination."

However, the beginners, primary and junior teachers, seeking to develop Christian friendliness in their children, carried out the suggestion. After weeks of hard saving the amount reached three dollars. The children set forth one Sunday, money in hand, to present their gift. Standing on the porch of the unharmed manse, they looked over the ruined waste next door, while they waited for a response to the sound of the knocker.

Once inside they lost their tongues before the

strange minister. If he only could have heard them the day after the fire! But no children were so thrilled at one of the dedicatory services as these little Italians, sitting in a place of honor and looking about upon the great building which they had helped to replace.

Theory tells us that the choice of benevolences should be in the hands of the children themselves. But little children cannot always discover needs. At least, they will not arrive at the point of saying "Let's help!" unless guided by a teacher whose vision reaches farther than theirs; or unless, by repeated action, they have formed the habit of giving. A teacher has been called a fellow traveler, a fellow traveler with a wider experience, a fellow traveler whose eye sweeps to the distant horizon. The teacher who sees makes partial choices for her children by her selection of the pictures, the stories, the experiences, the people that she brings to them. As she selects she tests by educational principles. Remembering that she is seeking to develop the child rather than the offering, she never asks herself which is the most worthy or needy cause, but rather which will yield the best practice in loving, Christian response, which can be presented so as to have meaning for little children.

Voting is usually futile with the little ones, who through mere pleasure in the activity of raising a

hand vote in the affirmative on every question. In the beginners circle the choice of a benevolence progresses by a method of conversation. Teacher and children talk together, and when a project is taking vital grip on their interest they all talk at once. Small Billy crosses the circle and lays a hand on the teacher's knee to emphasize his decision "to save our money to buy milk for babies." Wee Dorothy is behind him to echo it. "I've a nickel in my bank at home and I'll bring it," is Donald's way of expressing his sympathy with the plan. In between the individual remarks they speak of the babies and look at the pictures again. The milkman who will carry the milk to the babies is spoken of. During the babel of talk the teacher becomes convinced that her children are entering into a wholehearted, purposeful activity, and this ensures success and makes for the greatest educational value. The plan is none the less chosen by the group even if there be no formal vote.

It is usually confusing to little children to present at one time two very different sources for their gifts. If our projects arise out of real experiences of friendship with other groups, it does not often happen that we turn to help one to the exclusion of the other, although it is perfectly possible to have two interests carried on at one time. The money in our bank may be saved for flowers for our church

while our fingers are busy making cards of greeting for the old people at the Home. So do we give Easter gladness to many people.

The most intelligent choices on the part of little children come in the realm of deciding what we shall do to make any friend or group of friends happy. "Shall we buy a box of blocks for the children at the nursery, or one big doll for them to play with together?" "Shall we send a book of songs or a picture to hang on the wall?" Occasionally the simple question "What shall we do?" will yield some practical suggestions. Again we discover what the consensus of opinion is by listening to the remarks of individuals. So do little children express their wishes best.

Children's Gifts from the Angle of the Home. The conscientious objector will tell us that training in giving is all very worthy, but that a money gift is usually not a child's gift. The coins which come out of daddy's pocket do not mean sacrifice or wholehearted effort on the child's part. This is a home problem, but the church school must recognize it as a problem and be ready to help in a solution.

As a matter of fact most children, even at a tender age, have more or less money which is their own. Something is wrong with home standards if children are taught to hoard or spend this wealth

and never to give. One thoughtful mother, and she is no exception, provides two banks for her children. One is a savings bank. The accumulating funds in this are transferred from time to time to the bank of stone and mortar downtown. Saving is a habit which should be inculcated. The other bank is a "give away" bank. When an enterprise of sharing or gift-giving is being carried on, the "give away" bank yields up its wealth. The children are as eager to have funds in the "give away" bank as in the savings bank, and usually divide money given them between the two.

This brings us to the question as to whether children should be paid for helping at home. If the home is looked upon as a cooperative enterprise, with its motto "Each for all and all for each," and love the motive for duty, it does not seem right to put service on a cash basis. Let us leave the home duties as a field where little children may render the sacrifice of love, and give our children regular allowances without regard to service rendered. Let this allowance, as far as possible in consideration of the family income, be sufficient to take care of such giving ventures as are in keeping with his age. And above all things, when a child has made a real sacrifice in giving, let us allow him to enjoy the glow of fulfillment promised by the Master when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Be not too hasty in refilling the depleted bank or pocket. Nothing is more pernicious than the material rewarding of a good deed.

Does this seem a high ideal for every family? With a very little thought a child's gifts may be made to seem his own, even if they do come out of daddy's pocket. Daddy need not wait until Johnny is crossing the threshold of his church school to hand out the offering. Envelopes may be filled early in the week and thus lend a sense of ownership.

Another method is to make giving a cooperative task. When a child carries home a plan for giving, and talks intelligently about a cause, the family may interest themselves in the project and plan then, at the time of the first interest, how much they will give. The child becomes the loving messenger carrying "our gift" to the church school.

Our task is to train in the present for the future. The adult who is generous and self-sacrificing or the opposite is indicated long before his legs grow long enough for him to put his feet on the floor in a church pew. His attitude toward the Christian custom of giving is formed while he sits on a ten-inch chair in a beginners class.

Suggested Further Reading

LOVELAND, GILBERT. *Training World Christians.* Methodist Book Concern, New York. 1921. $1.25.
Chapter IX. Education in Money Giving.

X

THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF ALL SOCIAL CONTACTS

NOTHING will contribute more to the improvement of racial relations than the influence, largely unconscious, of individual men and women who diffuse a spirit of fair-mindedness, good will and friendliness, because they have lived in secret with divine truth, goodness and beauty. Such personalities are a creative force. . . . Those who have this in mind will find in the casual contacts of daily life plentiful occasions for its expression. A smile of sympathy, a kindly word, an act of courtesy to a stranger of another race may accomplish more than we dream. The relations between races are determined not by the actions of governments alone but by the personal contacts of multitudes of individuals. . . . In these passing incidents of the daily round the Christian spirit has the opportunity of manifesting its creative power.

J. H. OLDHAM, in *Christianity and the Race Problem*[1]

[1] George H. Doran Co., New York.

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THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF ALL SOCIAL CONTACTS

"THESE passing incidents of the daily round." They happen whenever and wherever people try to live together. Even an hour or two of living together on the part of a group of little children during a Sunday or a week-day session of a church school may be dotted with half a hundred opportunities for "a smile of sympathy, a kindly word, an act of courtesy to a stranger." Whether the stranger is of another race or of our own matters not, for we are seeking the crystallization of approved social responses into habits. And yet, like drumming pedagogues, we teach and teach and lose our sense of values. We place materials before experiences. We indulge in social service activities and become enveloped in pink tissue paper and paste, forgetting that our purpose is to socialize the whole procedure.

The Educational Value of Group Life. Miss Frances Weld Danielson in *Methods with Beginners* paints three pictures of a beginners class. One, an anarchy where unruly children reign supreme; another, an autocracy, where the teacher's will kills all spontaneity and creative effort on the part of the children; the ideal, a democracy where

teacher and children live together, achieving personality through the recognition of the rights of others as citizens of a republic. Henry F. Cope defines democracy as "living together in love." This does not mean that love is merely talked about and sung about and prayed about. Love must be lived. If love is the method of Christian education it must be the total method, not one phase of it.

If religious education consisted of telling a few Bible stories, learning a few hymns and repeating a few prayers, it might as well be carried on only in the home, with a single child or two. Why, then, bring a little child into a church building and place him within a group of other children? Christian education is a matter of learning to live with the other fellow; for this reason cooperative group life in a class is an essential. The church school may have failed, the home may have the greater influence on the child's life, but we cannot scrap the school, for it makes its special contribution to the total educational program. Here the child is actually living a social life; not with brothers and sisters older or younger, and so not on equal terms; not with a few selected playmates of his own race and social strata; but with any of the Father's children who may happen along or be brought together. For there are few schools which do not give some hint of cosmopolitanism in their membership.

We all know how soon children uphold family beliefs, attitudes and viewpoints, sometimes when they have been rebelling against them only a few hours before. The "way *we* do" is the approved line of conduct. Just as surely do the ideals of the little democracy of the classroom give set to conduct as "the way we do" and what "my teacher says" is carried home as a standard for behavior there.

In fostering a group life which is socially valuable, it is the little things which count, the little things which in our fretting haste to teach our courses or work our plans we pass by.

"What's her name?" asked Celeste, shyly pointing her finger at a new child who had just been pushed through the swing door by a big brother.

"I don't know," responded the teacher. "Come, let's find out."

"My name is Miss ——," said the teacher, dropping into a chair to bring her nearer the level of the new child's eyes. "What is yours?"

Before the stranger had time to answer Celeste volunteered. "My name is Celeste. What's your name?"

"Helen," answered the new child, tugging at her coat. Celeste fell to work at the difficult buttons, and removing the coat, hung it up in the proper place. As the teacher left the room to go in search

of big brother to get a more detailed enrollment she looked back to see Celeste and Helen bending over the doll's cradle together.

"Forget not to show love unto strangers," the teacher quoted to herself. She would take their pretty red-covered Bible and look up the verse and read it to the children later. She smiled as she recalled a period in her career as a teacher when she was satisfied with parrot repetition of that verse.

Interesting pictures had made the children crowd close about the blackboard. As they returned to their seats, someone sat on someone's else chair, a common occurrence in a beginners circle. Donald began to punch Jack with his little fists, while Jack hung on to the chair with determination.

"Say 'Please,'" said the teacher, "and see what happens." The magic word was spoken and Jack arose. How can children ever learn the kindly way unless they are shown?

Allen came in late one day and, without knowing it was George's, slipped into the only empty chair in the circle. George returned from an errand to find his chair occupied. He began with the typical instinctive response.

"There are two things you can do," said the teacher, calling George to her side. "You can say, 'Please get up out of my chair,' or you can say nothing and just get another chair for yourself. I

know which one Jesus would have done when he was a little boy."

George ran across the room and returned with another chair.

"He'd do same's me," said George, settling himself comfortably.

A Christian evaluation of an act raises it beyond mere etiquette. We teachers make up that unseen army of "individual men and women who diffuse a spirit of fair-mindedness, good will and friendliness," so it is well for us to look to our actions and our speech. We should scrutinize every method to see the social relationship involved. And we have a double duty in watching the actions and speech of those who come in contact with our children. We insist upon a clean, well ventilated room to protect them from the germs of disease. Let us protect from the germs which may develop snobbery and race hatred these lives that come to this earth with no predisposition to such ailments.

A class of little children had made their new minister a blotter for a Christmas gift. Little thumbnail photographs of the members of the class had been cut from snapshots taken on various occasions. These were pasted on the blotter in order that the minister might get acquainted with his new flock. Each child had helped.

On a Sunday after Christmas the minister came

in to say thank you, blotter in hand. He sat down and began the task of comparing the little pictures with the children before him and guessing names. The children crowded about with interest.

He was doing very well at the guessing contest when he placed a forefinger on the picture of a little negro girl. "Topsy!" he said, in facetious tone. "I don't see any little picca—"

"Hush!" said the teacher, in his ear. Then aloud, "That's Martha. Martha isn't here today. Betty, get the envelope we fixed for Martha because she's sick and can't come."

The envelope was produced and the contents displayed and explained by the children. There was a copy of the story paper, like the copy each would be given to carry home at the close of the session, a small copy of the picture illustrating the new story to be told that day, and a paper toy, an elephant with movable legs and trunk.

"We are sorry she is sick," added a little boy. "It's not nice to have to stay home."

Thoughtlessness on the part of the minister, of course, or failure to recognize the fact that there are no idle words where children are, or perhaps a viewpoint on race relationships which is not wholly Christian. These children may hear the term piccaninny, or a more disparaging one, on the street, but there is no excuse for having them hear it in-

side the walls of a Christian church and having it applied to a member of their own group whose presence gives them a golden opportunity to actually live the Christian way.

Education or Conversion?

> In Christ there is no East or West,
> In him no South or North,
> But one great fellowship of love
> Throughout the whole wide earth,[1]

sing the adult members of a church as they are gathered for morning worship, and yet the presence in a pew of a fellow-being whose skin has a different hue sometimes creates a bit of consternation.

"What you do?" asks San Liu, opening the door of a sunny room, wide enough to admit a round yellow face and two beady black eyes, set aslant.

"Hurry up!" calls Robert, beckoning toward the yellow face. "Lots of work to do. You have to make one for the company and one for yourself. It's for the party."

Robert leaves his work to get San Liu established in a chair at the table and supply her with paste and materials for work. He bends over the yellow hands, anxiously watching, as she follows his directions.

And this is the same church! What has happened

[1] John Oxenham, in *Bees and Amber.*

during the years intervening between the sunny room and the church auditorium?

Tomorrow is the responsibility of today. Before Horace Bushnell taught us that "a child ought to grow up a Christian and never know himself as being otherwise," we spent little thought or effort on a child's education, but when he had grown to manhood sent an evangelist out to bring him back to the fold after part of his life had been wasted in sin. Why should we build up class prejudice and race prejudice through our own careless speech and actions, and then work so diligently to break it down and create interest in missions in calloused souls? A child ought to grow up with a sense of membership in the world family, and with the ideal of brotherhood, and never know that anyone who bears the name Christian could be otherwise.

Suggested Further Reading

HOUGH, LYNN HAROLD. *Synthetic Christianity.* Abingdon Press, New York. 1923. $1.50.
Triumphant Brotherhood.

OLDHAM, JOSEPH H. *Christianity and the Race Problem.* George H. Doran Co., New York. 1924. Cloth, $2.25; paper, $1.
Chapter III. The Causes of Racial Antagonism.
Chapter XV. Practical Steps.
Chapter XVI. The Universal Community of the Loyal.

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